THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1924

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

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THIS WEEK

To SOME of the parties at the Washington Conference, the Four Power Treaty seemed to prove that generosity was its own reward. Consequently we find Baron Matsui acclaiming a splendid new era in which the big-hearted Great Powers will try to show the heathen Chinee what a little altruistic exploitation can do for him.

★ ★ ★

That Leo Tolstoi inherits a streak of his father's other-worldliness is shown by his strange respect for the culture and institutions of the Swedes. As a young man, Leo, Jr. spent a lot of time trying to show the Tsar how to administer the affairs of the Russian Empire, and he appears to have been unique among all the imperial advisers in having made no impression on his weak-willed monarch. In short, his article reveals the character of the author as well as of the subject, thereby giving double value for the money.

★ ★ ★

A Nordic lady richly endowed with the faculties of observation dissects the exuberant Fascist with telling and humorous effect. There follows a more indignant denunciation by a Mr. Salvadori, whose Radical propensities lead him to demand consistency and free speech of modern Italy.

★ ★ ★

Our readers should be cautioned that the mix-up in Pogrebishche refers to the hilarious events in the story and not to the spelling or pronunciation of this typical *Living Age* name. 'The Naked Man' should have been the title, but knowing that the tale would be read anyway in the interests of pure art, we thought it would be wiser not to antagonize the censor.

★ ★ ★

The description of Napoleonic soldiering written by a Berlin bookbinder's assistant over a hundred years ago may sound a little out of date to our alert public. But it performs an historical service in showing how much more pleasant war used to be in the old days than it is now.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *APRIL 12, 1924* — NO. 4162

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

'THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION'

UNDER this somewhat ambiguous title Blasco Ibáñez has just published a book reviewing events and personalities in Mexico from the Madero insurrection to what was prematurely hoped would be the closing phase of the revolution when Obregón seized power. Following the interpretation of Manuel Ugarte, in *El Destino de un Continente*, he ascribes the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz to the President's belated effort to dispense with the support of foreign financiers and concession-hunters, and to concentrate the economic exploitation of the country in the hands of Mexicans. Ibáñez says many complimentary things of General Adolph de la Huerta, the present revolutionary leader, whom he characterizes as a highly cultivated man, an intelligent patron of the arts, and honest in his political convictions. He has traveled widely — 'which is rather rare, for most prominent Mexicans have seldom crossed the frontier of their country.'

As an example of how good men differ, a Mexico correspondent of the London *Times* describes the same gentleman as 'suave in his dealings, but regarded generally as weak and untrustworthy.' After referring to the hope cherished for a time that President Obregón, General Calles, and Señor de la Huerta — all of whom come from the State of Sonora and were supposed to be close friends — would prove a triumvirate strong enough to guide the destinies of the country for many years to come, the *Times* correspondent concludes that, in view of their subsequent dissensions, the coming man is General Angel Flores, Governor of the State of Sinaloa, who has maintained an attitude of neutrality during the present troubles. Practically unknown until recently, Governor Flores has risen rapidly from a stevedore's job on the Mazatlán docks to his present position, and has acquired a wide reputation for his wisdom and honesty. He is opposed to revolution and to ultraradical policies, such as expropriating private landholdings without paying for them. On the other hand, General Plutarcho Calles, who is expected to succeed Obregón as President, 'has been the exponent of an agrarian policy of expropriation without compensation, and

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has been behind almost every strike movement in the past three years.'

Among the more optimistic notes from our neighboring republic is an account in the Spanish press of a newly founded 'National League for Peace,' to which all residents of Mexico — whether natives or foreigners — and Mexicans residing outside their country are eligible. Its purpose is: 'To work by all lawful means to reëstablish order; to encourage respect for the authority of law; to treat the leaders of the two parties now fighting each other as equally loyal and patriotic at heart and inspired by the loftiest sentiments, and to induce them to seek the reforms they champion by peaceful means.'

*

THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY

THE south half of the railway loop that connects the Trans-Siberian Railway east of Lake Baikal with Vladivostok, runs — as most readers are aware — through Chinese territory, and constitutes what we should call a distinct corporation, the Chinese Eastern Railway. The control of this road is in dispute. Until about a year ago it was actually operated by a Russian organization opposed to the Bolsheviki. Since the latter have reasserted their control over Eastern Siberia, a deadlock has arisen between Russia and China for the title to the line. The weight of Japan may tip the balance in favor of either party.

Whoever controls the road dominates Eastern Asia. It was built with Russian capital — though borrowed, to be sure — and administered virtually as Russian territory up to the revolution. During the Kolchak interlude it was under Allied management. Since the Allies withdrew and the Japanese evacuated Eastern Siberia, the Chinese have been extending their control. The Chinese employees in the railway zone are no longer confined to coolies, translators, and clerks, but now include executive and operating officials. The present manager is Wang Ching-Sing. Most of the station masters, one half of the directors, and the auditors are of the same nationality.

At first the Soviet Government made no opposition to this change, as it preferred Chinese control to that of either the Japanese or international capital. However, since the Bolshevist Government has recovered firm hold on Eastern Siberia, its representatives have grown insistent that the Russian administration be restored until the expiration of the original lease for eighty years, made when the road was built in 1896.

Here another difficulty arises. The road was built, operated, and managed by the Russo-Chinese Bank, which owned the entire stock. That institution was a puppet created by the Tsar's Government to save China's face. Since the revolution, however, it has become detached from Russia — the more easily since from the beginning France has owned practically seventy per cent of its paid-up capital.

This bank has now been amalgamated with the French Banque du Nord and rechristened the Russo-Asiatic Bank. French financiers are naturally bent on making good their investments in the railway. It is they who have made possible the extension of Chinese control. But that is merely a counsel of expediency, and there are signs that the present policy may be abandoned for a new understanding with the Soviet Government.

Just at present the railway seems to belong to nobody. The Russo-Asiatic Bank, which holds the nominal title, lacks political authority to control it. The Chinese Government, which is in present control, has no title. The Russian Government appears to have

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equitable title to possession under the original lease. She is attempting to secure the recognition of this right by diplomacy, courting alternately China and Japan. Russia's recognition by Japan would strengthen her decidedly. If diplomatic measures fail, Russia may resort to force — and it is obscurely rumored that she is already preparing to do so.

♣

THE UNAMUNO LETTER

WE recently referred to Miguel de Unamuno's rustication to the Canaries by the Military Directory, on account of a communication that appeared in an Argentine review. This review was *Nosotros*, and the offending paragraphs were contained in a private letter to a distinguished Spanish professor in Argentina, which the latter communicated to the magazine in question. We publish a translation, — as literal as the character of the document permits, — as an illustration of the passionate hatred of the Directory felt by Spanish intellectuals.

November 1923 I wrote it [a certain article] to beguile the silence to which these gallows brutes [Unamuno's words are: *esos bárbaros del suspensorio*], the favorites of the royal goose who have gone with His Majesty to Italy, condemn me. They systematically censor whatever is printed over certain signatures, although the same statement passes without difficulty if it is unsigned or is signed by another person. And then the miserable slaves who publish the contemptible sheet that calls itself *El Sol* — the Sun! — say that liberal propaganda is free, and that it is only the rabid radicals who hold their breath. Miserable scoundrels! That is insulting those who are silent because they are muzzled.

I always believed that the royal goose who signed the disgraceful manifesto of September 12, that charter of infamy for Spain, was merely a braggart with no more brains than a grasshopper, a tragi-comic barber; I have discovered that he is but a receptacle of vileness and base passions, or a puppet of that shady and sneaking Martínez Anido, the master of the present tyrannical situation. I have received a long letter from Don Santiago Alba, in which he tells me — and cites proofs — what this canaille is doing in his case, and I blush to be a Spaniard and to know that there are men in civil life who profess to be honorable men and yet stoop to aid these brothel whelps.

That invitation to file secret charges has stirred up the filthy sink of what Menéndez Palayo calls the 'monkish Spanish democracy,' the spirit of demagogic inquisition, and it all is revealing Spain's terrible cancer, which is not *caciquismo*, not the political-boss system, but envy. Envy, envy, hatred of the intelligent!

That was bad, bad enough indeed, but this is worse. The Carlist leprosy of those who were beaten in 1820 and in 1840 and in 1876 is spreading again. Priests and priestlings, sacristans, and all the petty gentry of that character, rats like Maeztu and Grandmontagne, are taking the side of these swine. And they blaspheme, crying 'Justice!' No, there is not a spark of justice in them. Surely it is not justice to insult men, and then prevent their defending themselves in public. It is not justice to let pass what Silvela said: that part of the money from the gambling houses was going to the civil government of Barcelona, and not investigate what Martínez Anido did with it, and that hyena of the press, Arlegui, who serves him. And the scurrilous sheet I mentioned lauds that canaille.

I smother, I smother, I smother in this sewer, and I grieve for Spain to the

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bottom of my heart. And added to all that, they talk of mysticism! And of a new concept of liberty! Better Cierva!

We are dishonored.

And in addition, lies upon lies upon lies. They claim — itself a deliberate lie, for they are not deceived in this — that the public is almost unanimously behind them, and they lie about every thing they do.

I am told that Marañón is going to organize — I don't know whether under the patronage of the gallows crew or of *El Sol* — a Party of the Left, I suppose, Monarchist. I have written him not to do it. The Liberals to-day should wait, should shut their lips, should hold their breath until the time comes when they can howl the truth at this filthy canaille — that Liberalism and monarchy are incompatible in Spain.

Who could have told me that when I was approaching sixty I should feel the weight of this cancerous tradition — of this traditional cancer that was corrupting the country to the heart when I was ten years old! Poor Spain! Poor Spain! Poor Spain! I wish I might die.

Enough! I am actually weeping!

✽

TURKEY'S TREND TOWARD EUROPE

TURKEY'S determination to become Westernized, which is one explanation for the abolition of the Caliphate, is manifesting itself in many directions. Not only are political and economic institutions being moulded into Western forms, but even the cultural life of the country is to be Occidentalized. Discussing a proposal before the National Assembly to substitute the Latin alphabet for the old style of writing, *Tanine*, a Turkish newspaper in Constantinople, says: —

This reform will emancipate the Turkish people from the chains of ignorance and help them along the path of progress. Our public school system will gain immeasurably by this reform. The number of illiterates will diminish. Furthermore, the abolition of the Arab alphabet will bring the Turks closer to Europe. The literary publications and periodicals so rarely found in our villages to-day will soon have a wider circulation. The Turkish peasant does not know how to read or write. This is the great obstacle in the way of his advancement. The present Turkish alphabet is not national. In spite of centuries of effort, we have never been able to accommodate our language to it. This explains why we have no uniform orthography. Our present orthography does not satisfy our needs. The introduction of the Latin alphabet in our schools will facilitate instruction, especially among the rural masses. All that is necessary is to overcome a habit. That should not be impossible, considering the great benefits that the reform promises.

✽

CHINA'S LINGUISTIC REVOLUTION

MANY people are unaware of the tremendous revolution that has been wrought in Chinese letters within less than a decade. For centuries the only recognized literary tongue was as different from the spoken language — to quote a Chinese authority — 'as Latin is from English.' About 1917 a movement began to substitute *pei hua*, the spoken language, for the classical tongue. Since then it has spread throughout the length and breadth of the country. Not only are the standard works of philosophy and sociology published in pei hua, but this reaching down of literature to the masses has encouraged the appearance in the spoken tongue of a host of novels and works of an informative character, as well as a thrifty crop of periodicals.

A campaign to reduce illiteracy has accompanied the popularization of the written word. Like the Mexican movement to abolish illiteracy, recently described in these columns, this campaign depends for the time being upon

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volunteer effort. The agitation is spreading over the whole country, and if we may believe an optimistic report in the *China Weekly Herald*, the training of teachers and the enlightenment of the populace are proceeding at a wonderful pace all over China.

❦

AMERICAN LAW IN DAIREN

LAST January Judge Lurton, United States Commissioner for China, ruled in a case decided at Shanghai that American law prevails at Dairen, under the treaty of extraterritoriality with China. Although Japan holds a lease of the territory around that port for ninety-nine years, she still, in the opinion of the court, recognizes the ultimate sovereignty of China there.

Except for jurisdictional precedent thus created, the case is unimportant — a sailor's suit against a ship captain for assault. After an extended review of the historical background and the precedents in international law governing the case, which are printed at length in the *China Weekly Review* of February 9, Judge Lurton ruled: —

> Having taken into consideration the various phases of this novel case, I fail to find that the United States Court for China has lost its jurisdiction over this defendant, who is charged with committing a crime within the Leased Territory of China, and more particularly described as being in the City of Dairen. The defendant's demurrer is accordingly overruled and, as there appears to be sufficient evidence adduced to make out a prima facie case of assault against him, he is required to answer the information filed herein.

Contrariwise, however, according to the journal we have just quoted, China's retired grafters have discovered that the foreign concessions at Tientsin and Shanghai afford sanctuaries where they are safe from the jurisdiction of the courts and investigating committees — senatorial and otherwise — of their Government. One ex-Minister of Finance, who began his public service a poor man, resides in the British Concession at Tientsin, in 'perhaps the finest residence in all China.'

> It is located on the fashionable Race Course Road and the rear of the house extends to a canal. The house stands in large grounds surrounded by a high wall and is constantly guarded by specially detailed Chinese policemen. The large wrought-iron gates bear the Roman script initials P.F. The mansion, which is exquisitely furnished, cost a real fortune, perhaps exceeding $1,000,000.

Another sojourner in the same sanctuary is a second Minister of Finance, who occupied the office only three months, during which time he was transformed from a poor man — 'broke' — into the owner of a 'splendid home under the protection of the foreign garrisons.' Two former Premiers are residing in Tientsin, one of whom is credited with having accumulated $10,000,000 by his political industry. Another gentleman of the same type has in addition to his own magnificent home a second sumptuous dwelling in the heart of the German concession, where he has installed his favorite wife. 'This house is directly across Woodrow Wilson Street from the German Consulate-General.' All in all, the *Weekly Review* contributor gives us a rather alluring picture of the ease, comfort, indeed the luxury, with which China — although involuntarily — rewards her faithless statesmen.

❦

MINOR NOTES

THE American oil scandals have been a salacious morsel for the European press. However, the London *Outlook* sounds the following note of caution amid this clamor of zealous — and somewhat self-righteous — condemnation: —

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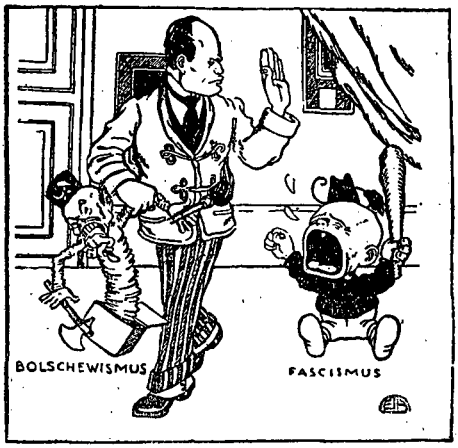
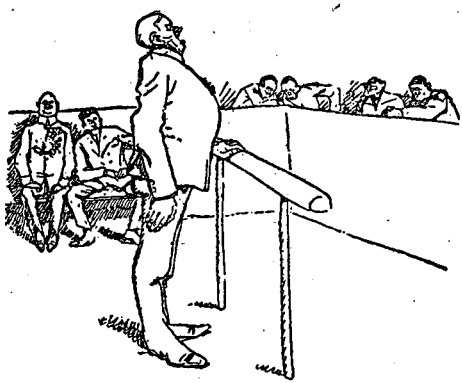
It is clear that many months, perhaps years, will elapse while the American nation continues to indulge its enthusiasm for reform, with all the zeal of a mediæval witch-hunt. In the meantime, we foreigners will do well to avoid congratulating ourselves with too great assurance that we are not as these American politicians. The standard of public life in the United States is very high, and when the Americans have a scandal they like to ventilate it in the most public place possible, to the accompaniment of jazz bands and under the piercing searchlight of pitiless publicity. Many of the allegations made in the present press-campaign across the Atlantic refer to actions, or acquiescences, that in most countries would be assumed cynically as an inevitable part and parcel of politics. The outside world will probably get the impression, by the time this scandal has all been thrashed out, that American public life is rotten at the core; whereas, in fact, it is probably cleaner than in any democracy excepting our own.

THE Secretary of the Barcelona Chamber of Industry, Don Joáquin Aguilera, has published a report reviewing the grave industrial crisis now prevailing in Catalonia. The cotton mills, which normally employ over 100,000 workmen, are running at only 45 per cent capacity. The engineering industries, which give a livelihood to over 28,000 workmen, have only 40 per cent of the usual number upon their pay rolls. The woolen mills, which in good times give work to 27,000 operatives, at present afford employment for only one fourth that number.

THE *Daily Telegraph* describes an important experiment made last week on the Rome Northern Railway with what is described as a new 'thermoaero locomotive,' invented by an Italian engineer. The device, which is simple, and was in the present instance applied to an ordinary switch-engine at comparatively slight expense and without extensive remodeling, 'consists in an ingenious utilization of the combined efficiency of hot compressed air and steam, both produced by an internal motor of the Diesel type fed with heavy oil.' The device is said to retain all the advantages of a steam locomotive. The locomotive may be stopped without stopping the motor, and power may be increased for upgrades at will. Smoke, soot, and ashes are abolished. It is estimated that the new system will enable the Italian railways to reduce their traction costs 70 per cent.



MUSSOLINI (*apropos of Russian recognition*). No! No! Must n't pound it any more.
— *Il Pasquino.*



LUDENDORFF (*at the Munich trial*). How could I commit high treason against a Republic I have never deigned to recognize?
— *Arbeiter Zeitung.*

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CHANGING ASPECTS OF INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION

BY BARON MATSUI

[This article is the principal part of an address delivered by the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Japan before the International Rotary Club in Tokyo on February 18, 1924.]

From the *Japan Advertiser, February 19*
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

IT is difficult to realize, in this fast-moving age, how short a time ago it was when powerful leaders of powerful nations thought that to the strongest belonged the right to grab the most. Here in the Far East we have lasting reason to know what that policy of relentless competition meant. It was only a quarter of a century ago that the flags and the forces of foreign nations were following — and sometimes leading — their traders and investors into the territory of our great neighbor of the mainland. The scramble for concessions and the competitive drive for trade concerned our security as well as it did that of our unfortunate neighbor. The competition was generally called imperialistic, and that term properly described it, in so far as certain of the statesmen of that day influenced or led their countries. But, in the minds of ordinary men, the struggle was for 'business.' It meant, they thought, more foreign trade, the development of home industry, the employment of more labor at better wages, and altogether better national prosperity, for their particular country. So the argument for the aggressive policy had a distinct appeal, and some of the ordinary men of all nations, and many of the ordinary men of some, permitted themselves to be led, misled, into the false cause. They followed without properly taking into account the costs and the potential dangers.

The spirit of commercial and imperialistic aggressions on the part of the few, however, created among others the necessity for defending their proper interests. Indeed, in our case, our very security was menaced. We had no alternative but to do our utmost, with the support of other Powers holding the same views, to preserve our neighbor from disunion and to stabilize the peace of these regions.

While our effort checked and eliminated the more serious dangers from competition in China, it did not strike at the roots and destroy the idea, established in age-old practice, that it was necessary for nations unduly to support their foreign trade with navies and armies. In other parts of the world similar practices continued. It was in that otherwise splendid country which has given the world so much in thought and science that the idea that force was a necessary concomitant for foreign trade found its most ardent exponents and its most general approval. Out of the idea of competition, carried to the extreme in Germany, came the Great War with its calamity to the world. The States of Europe, and even many other parts of the world, are still suffering, and will have to endure grave hardships for many decades, as a result of that ghastly error.

But at least one valuable achievement has come out of the war. The nations have had an awakening. They

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have learned the lesson that war does not pay, and, within certain limitations, that armaments are wanton and are even instruments that breed hostility. They have learned that the business that can be gained abroad does not warrant what, in business phraseology, is called the 'overhead charges' — that is to say, the cost of armaments and the maintenance of armed forces beyond the necessities of their own security.

It was with a purged spirit and an experienced common-sense that the nations most concerned in the peace and prosperity of the Pacific Ocean gathered two years ago at Washington. Agreement among the representatives of the several States was consequently easy to reach, and the treaties were duly and readily ratified. The results of the Washington Conference we all know. The great achievement, the first of its kind the world has ever known, was an agreement between the principal naval Powers to limit the construction of the only character of vessel that can become aggressive. The Four Power Treaty pledged the Governments concerned to enter into conference, discussion, and adjustment over any issue that might threaten to disturb their security in the Pacific. Treaties and understandings with regard to China were agreed upon and accepted by nine countries, giving a further added assurance that the old order of things shall not again prevail in her territory. These are incalculable blessings to us Japanese; and no Government that would be likely to impair the spirit, to say nothing of the letter, of those treaties could endure in office in our country.

The relations between the greater Powers concerned in the Pacific are now such that business men may have confidence in foreign enterprises not only for to-day but for the future. They may invest abroad as well as at home with assurance that their efforts are less speculative, as far as international affairs are concerned, than they have ever been in the history of our ocean.

This is particularly a splendid assurance for Japan, for we, at the present time, are in a stage of transition from a condition originally agricultural to one that is already largely one of manufacturing, commerce, banking, and shipping. By our understandings with other Powers, we are freed of anxiety lest the difficulties that may come during our further transition may be made harder to bear by the possibility of international conflict. We are happily at liberty to work out our domestic readjustments without the dangers of serious foreign complications. And, our foreign relations being thus substantially based, I think I am not too sanguine in my belief that, while not ignoring our shortcomings or overestimating our abilities, we may look also with assurance to the overcoming of our domestic difficulties and the solving of our economic problems. Without boastfulness, I think I may fairly say that we have character, ability, and wisdom sufficient for our needs, and that our measure of these qualities has been recognized by foreign nations. Everywhere we have friends. No man who has seen what other nations have done for us in our recent catastrophe — spontaneously and without design, except to help us as fellowmen — could deny those friendships.

It is not only the business side of the matter — the hard, callous, calculating side of human nature — upon which we can depend. The side of humanity has had an even greater influence in changing the thoughts of nations. During the Great War the cry among the soldiers in Europe was 'It shall never happen again'; and the spirit out of which that cry arose is not dead. I

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am an optimist with regard to humanity. I believe that, just as in dealing individually as man to man, so in dealing with other nations, the more successful appeals are to the better qualities. The greatest difficulties are ignorance and suspicion. What men do not know they are inclined to distrust; and suspicions can be easily aroused at times by self-seeking individuals who pretend to have knowledge.

For example, it has been too frequently the case that concession-seekers from one powerful country or another have gone into some undeveloped State and obtained rights for profitable enterprises, sometimes in conflict with the interests or the rights of nationals of other States; and unfair appeals have been made to the prejudices of their own people with the object of rallying support in behalf of their private interests. Too often such concessionaires have obtained this support, and the result has been irritation and counterirritation far beyond justification and far beyond any general national profit that could come out of the enterprise. I am not speaking of any particular case; I am speaking only of the practice. Such practices have been followed in the past in the territories of North Africa, where we have no interests whatever, and in Atlantic States in South America, where we have practically none. It is not only in China that this sort of concessioneering has from time to time developed and caused newspaper and public rallyings of one nation against another. Fortunately the Governments of the greater Powers have come to realize — as those of the lesser States have long been compelled to see — that it is often unfair and generally unwise to permit the interests of a single group of their nationals in a foreign land to disturb the friendships of their whole country.

Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to advocate the surrender of any fair principle or fair concession or fair business. On the contrary, I think it would be an unwise policy for any Government, our own or some other, not to stand firmly in diplomatic support of its nationals in fair and honest enterprises in a foreign country. I mean only to say that the old idea that formerly prevailed with some nations, that it was the duty of a Government to support aggressive competition on the part of its nationals, whether fair or unfair, was not only an unjust but likewise an injurious policy. The old principle of justice is a wise one among nations as well as among individual business men.

With specific reference to Japan, what my predecessors and the representatives of our country at Washington have said is worthy of again repeating. In competition for trade and concessions for developments that are necessary or valuable in China, we have little to fear from foreign rivalry. The field of China is big enough for all foreign investors and foreign business men. We have not the financial capacity to supply all the capital that China will require for decades to come; nor have we the commercial ability or resources to meet all of China's needs. But we have the advantage of the closest proximity; and, if we develop our own ability within and among ourselves to meet the vast requirements of our neighbor, our rightful share of trade cannot fail to come to us. And I believe that in developing this trade, and for the development of it, we cannot and must not fail to achieve the confidence and the friendship of the Chinese people.

It is, happily, a new era upon which we are launched. The world is a wiser place. Men realize that they can with safety and even with profit let their kindlier instincts have fuller play.

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GERMAN CURRENCY AND FINANCE

BY DOCTOR KARL HELFFERICH

[In the following article the statistical tables have been omitted, and several paragraphs dealing with the more technical aspects of the German budget have been omitted or summarized.]

From the *Statist, February 23, March 1*
(London Financial Weekly)

Both theorists and practical financiers are equally interested in the present development in Germany following the creation of the Rentenmark; and indeed one of the most significant of experiments ever made in the domain of monetary policy and State finance is unfolding before our eyes. The course and the results of this experiment will give the national economist an opportunity to examine anew the axioms established by his science; at the same time they will have an immediate bearing of practical importance on the issue of a crisis in which one of the largest nations of the world has been directly involved for several years, and which indirectly affects more or less all the other nations.

The plan I laid before the Cuno Government early last August, which gave birth to the Rentenmark, was based on a scientific economist's diagnosis of the disease which had overtaken Germany's finances. I began my independent university studies in economics with the theory of money. When a lecturer at the University of Berlin, I preferred to discuss problems connected with this difficult subject. Also in my position as a manager of the Deutsche Bank and, later on, as Secretary of State of the Reichsschatzamt, my scientific studies gave me an Ariadne clue in many a dark labyrinth. The conditions, unprecedented in monetary history, to which the German currency was reduced by the war, the revolution, the Treaty of Versailles, the Reparations 'sanctions,' and our own 'settling' policy (*Erfüllungspolitik*), have therefore deeply engaged my attention, not only as a politician and deputy, but also as a theoretical economist.

The fundamental result of my inquiry was to show that a purely quantitative explanation for the depreciation of the German mark was untenable; and it proved necessary to have recourse to qualitative causes, based partly on the character of money itself, partly on general economic and political conditions, and partly on psychological factors of popular confidence or mistrust.

The adherents of the quantitative theory, which sounded simple and was therefore easy to understand and popular, had a diagnosis and a remedy ready at hand: 'inflation' was their explanation, and 'stop the printing press' their remedy. It is now a year since I tried to prove that this diagnosis was wrong and this remedy impracticable. We have become richer since then by a year's experience unparalleled in the history of money; and this year's experience has, I believe, fully justified the point of view which I then defended. To-day we are in possession of full particulars as to the correlation between the rates of exchange, the circulation of money, and the State finances during

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the time of the heaviest breakdown ever experienced by a monetary system, that of Soviet Russia not excepted.

By far the most prominent quantitative change occurred in rates of exchange. At the end of July 1923, the dollar in Berlin (1,100,000 marks) was 12,500 times as much as the average rate of 1921. The circulation of money, however, which in the same period had risen from 90 billions to 43,893 billions of marks, had multiplied 490 fold. That is, the rise in dollar exchange was more than twenty-five times as large as the increase in circulation; yet simultaneously the purchasing power of the money in Germany had fallen from the equivalent of 4350 million gold marks in 1921 to only 167 million gold marks by the end of July 1924, which means that its real value had diminished to less than the twenty-fifth part of the amount in 1921. As prices of commodities adapted themselves to the rates of exchange and finally reached and even surpassed the prices in the world market, the astonishing contraction in the circulation of money as expressed in gold value naturally resulted in a feverish increase of the speed of circulation, which was again accelerated by the panic fear of a further depreciation.

Figures showing the relation between the depreciation of money and the finances of the Reich are somewhat disturbed by the powerful influence which the invasion of the Ruhr — the cutting-off of the whole occupied territory from the body of the Reich — and 'passive resistance' had upon national revenues and expenditures. Under the influence of the struggle in the Ruhr, the latter rose to enormous amounts; expressed in gold figures, they reached, in September 1923, more than five times the average monthly expenditure in the financial year 1922. They approached thereby the peak of the first years of the war, when they amounted to about two billions of marks monthly. Revenues, on the other hand, melted like snow in the sun till they were not even one eighth of the average monthly revenues in 1922. Last October they amounted to scarcely a sixtieth of the Government's outgo.

Thus the increase in expenditure and the decrease in revenue must be accounted for to a considerable extent by the Ruhr struggle. The increase in expenditure, however, was also greatly influenced by the circumstance that as soon as the transition to gold calculation became general, while paper marks continued to circulate and rapidly depreciate, prices, wages, and salaries were driven to a much higher level than would have corresponded to the movement of foreign exchange. Depreciation had a far more decisive influence than even the heavy deficits created by the occupation of the Ruhr and the Franco-Belgian requisitions toward reducing the Government's income to nearly the zero point.

However, an observer who looks deeper into the matter discovers that this monetary catastrophe was provoked by general economic and political conditions and by psychological forces as well as by the collapse of the paper mark at the time of the transition to calculation in gold. These were the primary and decisive causes of the unprecedented demoralization of German finances, although it must be added that the financial collapse in turn helped to precipitate the catastrophe of our currency.

Therefore, in order to balance the budget, the Reich had to begin by creating a new money. Such an experiment could only succeed if at the same time the most rigorous measures were taken to save the State finances from utter ruin. Austria, in a similar emergency, got a foreign loan through the League of Nations. Germany could not

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expect such a loan in the time at her disposal, because her national income had been practically wiped out by the Ruhr struggle and depreciation.

So salvation could neither begin with the stopping of the printing press nor cease with the stabilization of the mark; we had to stop the depreciation of money as the first step toward restoring our revenues, and then, after that was accomplished, end by stopping the printing press.

The attempt to stop depreciation by creating a new money with a backing of real values, and thereby to win a breathing-space for considering the other conditions necessary to steady German finances, was surprisingly successful considering that the new money was not based upon gold itself. Up to the present — that is, during three months — the mark maintained gold-parity.

The receipts of the Reich rose from about 15 million gold marks in the first ten-day period following the emission of the Rentenmark and the stabilization of the new German monetary standard to about 190 million gold marks in the last ten days of January. The collections for the whole month of January amounted to about 440 million marks or nearly double the monthly average in 1921, which was approximately equivalent to the pre-war revenue of the Reich, or nearly four times the monthly income in 1922.

This favorable development was partly due to the heavy increase in taxation that became necessary when, upon the establishment of the German Rentenbank, the Government had to engage not to discount any more treasure warrants at the Reichsbank. Moreover, the January receipts include large amounts of extraordinary revenues which are nonrecurrent in character. That is the reason why the first ten-day period in February records a decline in revenue to less than half the amount collected during the last ten days of January, although it is still more than fivefold the revenue of the last ten days of November. There cannot be a stronger proof of the fact that in Germany the reconstruction of the finances had to begin with the artificial stabilization of money.

The course of public expenditures, too, is most instructive. As against 1510 millions of gold marks which the Reich spent in November 1923 — long after 'passive resistance' had ceased — expenditure in December amounted to only 500 millions, and in January to only 443 millions. It is to be regretted that up to the present no statistical returns are available to show how much of the expenditure since November falls to the Administration of the Reich and to carrying out the peace treaty respectively. As, however, the Reichsregierung in October last recommended payments upon *Markvorschüsse* to the French and Belgian occupation authorities, and as payments on this account alone amounted to more than 300 million gold marks during the last three months of 1923, it must be assumed that a disproportionately large part of the total falls to the execution of the Treaty.

The effect of the enormous increase in revenue and the cutting-down of expenditure is clearly shown by the financial statements, which in November 1923 closed with a deficit of nearly 1450 million gold marks, while in January last — two months later, when the Government spent 443.4 million gold marks and received 440.8 million — the deficit was only 2.6 millions of gold marks, or not more than one half per cent of the expenditure.

It would be incorrect, of course, to attribute this change entirely to the establishment of the Rentenmark. Together with enormous increase in taxation, the Reich adopted a policy of

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energetic and drastic restriction of expenditure. The salaries of State functionaries were reduced to less than one half, those of higher rank even to less than one third, of their pre-war amount. Up to 25 per cent of the government employees are to be dismissed — 15 per cent of them before April 1, 1924. All temporary appointees will be discharged unless urgent necessities of service require the contrary.

In addition to these measures, the Government has resorted to other devices which are tantamount to a confession of partial insolvency. It has suspended payments to German producers for goods delivered to France on Reparations account, and for bills payable to reimburse them for the 26 per cent tax upon the value of merchandise exported that goes to the Reparations Commission, under the British Recovery Act. Payments to German citizens for property requisitioned by the Entente Commissions of Control and for goods declared by these Commissions to be war materials have also ceased. Compensation for German private property seized during the war or under the Treaty of Versailles, although originally appraised at a small percentage of its true value, has again been scaled down 75 per cent. Payments for damages to private property arising from internal disturbances have been altogether discontinued. A greater part of the building programme has been abandoned. Relief appropriations for the unemployed have been curtailed and expenditure on other social services has been either stopped or reduced to a minimum.

However, these economies are more than counterbalanced by appropriations for carrying out the peace treaty, which amount to 640 million gold marks. This creates a budget deficit of 438 million gold marks, which for the moment it seems impossible to cover.

The estimate of revenue, however, is based on the assumption that the economic, administrative, and financial unity of the occupied and unoccupied territories will be fully restored. Otherwise the Government's income will fall nearly one billion gold marks below the estimate.

Nor does the budget include any payments upon Reparations proper. The allotment to pay the cost of the army of occupation is exceedingly moderate, only 360 million gold marks. There are 186,000 foreign soldiers garrisoned on German territory to-day — 143,000 French, 32,000 Belgian, and 11,000 British troops. Before the war the German troops in this territory numbered less than 70,000. The cost of supporting this army of occupation is much higher than the total military expenditures of Germany before the war on its army and navy combined. At that time Germany was unmutilated and highly prosperous; and yet her military budget was a heavy burden. To-day, with her reduced size, her curtailed resources, and her general impoverishment, no merely monetary measure like the introduction of Rentenmarks or gold bank-notes will stay the course of destruction, unless other sweeping readjustments simultaneously occur.

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MEMORIES OF NICHOLAS II

BY LEO TOLSTOI

[*The author of this article is a son of the famous Russian writer and is himself a literary man of prominence.*]

From *La Revue Bleue, February* 16
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

I WAS a student at Moscow University when I saw Nicholas Romanov for the first time. He was then the Crown Prince, a young, jolly, carefree fellow. It was on the steppes of Samara. He was on his way to Japan, where a Japanese fanatic tried to assassinate him, and to the East Indies, China, and India. There was no railway then across the plains of the Volga and the Urals. My elder brother Serge and I were on our large estate at Buzuluk. I was very eager to see the future emperor, so we drove over to a large village on the main highway from Buzuluk to Uralsk, where the travelers were scheduled to stop for several hours.

When we reached the village, we learned that the royal party were making an excursion in the direction of Uralsk, but would return the next day. And indeed, about ten o'clock the following morning we saw a long line of carriages approaching from the south in a cloud of dust. The travelers were to stop at the church, where a crowd of peasants were awaiting them. We joined the latter close to the steps leading to the building. It was a little wooden church freshly painted for the great occasion.

The carriage of the Tsarevitch stopped first, and he jumped out, covered with a thick mantle of dust, and ascended the steps of the little church almost at a run. Saluting the bystanders, he approached the old priest, who blessed him. He kissed the priest's crucifix, hastily made the sign of the cross, and disappeared inside the building, followed by the members of his suite.

After the service, which was very short, the Tsarevitch reappeared on the platform. I was the only person dressed in a student uniform, with gold buttons and college cap, among the muzhiks and peasant women, who stared at their future sovereign with intense curiosity. Nicholas glanced at me with a surprised expression and stepped into his carriage, saluting the crowd as he did so. Then the party drove into the village, to dine and to rest in the best houses, which had already been prepared for their reception by the authorities. . . .

The second time I saw Nicholas II was immediately after his coronation at Moscow. I had just bought a fine young saddle-horse to take back to the country with me and used to ride him through the city every fine spring morning. The Emperor and the Empress were then visiting the different points of interest in Holy Moscow. I passed them in an open carriage several times. One day, when they were just entering the Kremlin from the Neskuchny Garden, an enormous crowd had lined up on both sides of a long street from the Zamoskvorechie on the right bank of the Moscow River. I rode on toward them, although the police

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had closed the streets to all traffic. I said I must go through on important business, and to my great surprise was permitted to do so. When the Imperial carriage was only a few steps from my horse, I saluted the Tsar. He looked at me with surprise, half-smiling, and returned my salute. Then, gazing at my fine half-Arab and half-English horse, he made some remark to the Empress.

He looked preoccupied and worried, and by no means so calm and cheerful as when I saw him in Samara. He was no longer a gay, carefree youth en route to the Orient, but the young Emperor of all the Russias who had just ascended a perilous and redoubtable throne. I read in his eyes and his manner a feeling of disquiet and uncertainty. Was his new rôle too heavy for his shoulders? We know that he never wished the honor. Was it the terrible accident at the Khodynka Field that had unnerved him, that tragic Coronation catastrophe where hundreds of people were trodden to death by the crowd? Or was it simply fatigue after the interminable ceremonies and receptions of Moscow? I do not know. All I remember is my impression, and it was not reassuring.

A few years previously Nikolai Alexandrovich was at Tsarskoe Selo when I was there in my military service. He was not yet married, and sometimes passed an evening with the officers of the Guard — good friends of his who now and then joked him about his betrothal plans, concerning which conjectures were on all lips. Which of the numerous aspirants for that honor would become his wife and the future Empress? One evening somebody suggested Alice of Hesse, to which he replied impatiently: '*Mimo!*' ('Good night!'). Yet now she was there, this Alice of Hesse, sitting beside him, the new Tsaritsa, his wife in spite of himself!

I saw the Tsar for the third time long afterward at Petrograd, shortly before the war between Russia and Japan. It was in the Hall of Nobles, at a sacred concert. Very pale, melancholy, and indifferent, he listened to the orchestra from the Imperial box. All the evening he kept fussing with the collar of his uniform, which bothered him. He seemed deeply bored and made no effort to hide his ennui from the audience. I watched him from my seat and pondered uneasily on the future of my country. I did not dare — no one then dared — to voice my fears clearly, but I felt that things were going wrong and would continue to get worse. When there was a change on the throne, so many things had to be dealt with at once, reformed, created, in our poor, huge Russia, and the man who directed the affairs of the nation did not seem competent or inspired enough for that. . . .

I waited. All the world waited for some miracle from Heaven to save our people, from whom God seemed to have averted His face. Every Russian who thought and had clarity of vision hoped he might get the ear of the Tsar, explain things to him, and interest him in reforms vital for Russia.

After 1900 I resided in Petrograd, where I wrote in the press upon the leading questions of the day. I was intensely interested in everything that occurred in Tsarskoe Selo. I saw the Tsar only once, and then from a distance, at a regimental review in honor of President Loubet. Russia seemed to be getting along pretty well at the dawn of the century. No one realized the calamities that were impending. My father was perhaps the only one who wrote alarming predictions and foresaw the coming disaster. I was at that time a great admirer of the Scandinavian countries, and particularly of Sweden. My book on Swedish civiliza-

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tion attracted considerable attention, and somebody advised me to send a copy to the Tsar. The Varangians — the old name of the Scandinavians — had founded the Russian State. I thought that they might again serve us as an example. So I sent my book, *Contemporary Sweden*, to the Tsar, hoping that he might read it. In it I reviewed the influence that Swedes had exercised upon Russian life for a thousand years and argued that contemporary Russia could take no better model than Sweden to follow in inaugurating her own constitutional reforms.

Nicholas II read my book with attention. Later, in his famous manifesto of October 17, he quoted it and promised Russia, almost word for word, the five Swedish liberties I had argued we should have.

During our unhappy war with Japan — a war of adventure too remote to inspire enthusiasm — the Russian people began to manifest a deeply rebellious spirit. The workers, the peasants, the army, every disaffected element of society openly blamed the Government. Minister Witte was called back to calm the tempest. I was then contributing to the *Novoe Vremia*, which the Emperor read. My opinion differed decidedly from those of other liberal journalists, and for this reason attracted attention. Though far from being a reactionary, I said in my articles that we were the cause of our own misfortunes. I tried to arouse the national spirit and to interpret the war from an historical standpoint. I also wrote a letter to the Tsar, pointing out to him that Russia needed a national assembly and that he could no longer dispense with the aid of such a body; and I said that the *Zemskii Sobor* was the only historical form for such a representative assembly.

My letter reached its destination. Hundreds of copies were made and distributed among high personages of the Imperial court by an old family friend. My father also read my letter and approved it.

'I am a stranger to politics,' he said, 'but your letter is good, and I too believe that a Zemskii Sobor might be a wise thing.'

A few days later the Emperor invited me officially to come to Tsarskoe Selo.

The Tsar's office was a very small room containing a desk covered with papers, a few shelves of books, and nothing else. Nicholas II was in the white uniform that he wore even in winter, without any insignia that would distinguish him from the humblest of his subjects, from a subaltern or a civil servant. I shall never forget this impression of simplicity, of extreme modesty, that he produced upon me at the outset and that continued throughout our interview. He smiled in a friendly way, shook my hand, and, seating himself, asked me to do likewise. I mentioned the previous occasions upon which I had seen him. He smiled pleasantly. Then, after a short silence, he took up the subject of my visit.

'I have read your letter and I thank you. You believe that it would be a good thing for Russia if I were to summon a Zemskii Sobor?'

'Yes, your Majesty, I honestly believe so. That would be a body purely Russian, in harmony with the traditions of our history. It would represent all the classes that make up Russia. For that reason a Zemskii Sobor would be the best means of ascertaining the wishes and desires of our people, and among its members you would doubtless find men who would serve you well in governing the country.'

'I should like,' said the Emperor, 'to give Russia a parliament, but a parliament absolutely Russian in spirit.'

He emphasized the last words as if

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to show how independently he made up his mind and how thoroughly Russian he was.

'A Zemskii Sobor,' I repeated, 'is an ultra-Russian form of parliament. That is what we need.'

'My mind is on the peasants,' continued the Tsar without listening to me. 'My only thought is the welfare of the people, of the peasants. They form a majority of our nation. I'm thinking only of them.'

He was silent as if some serious doubt had suddenly arisen in his mind. He looked at me and then lowered his head, whereupon I went on to detail further my own ideas: —

'The Zemskii Sobor ought to consist of two or three thousand members, including representatives of all classes: the nobles, the petty bourgeoisie, the artisans, the peasants, the clergy. They ought to meet for a few months every year. You, your Majesty, should be the permanent President or Head of the Sobor. In this way, I believe, the will of the people might be made known; in this way the members of the Sobor, being in proportion to the number of the respective classes, would express themselves better than delegates representing different political parties, who are already disputing with each other in every corner of Russia and of the world. All these Socialists who have no real ties with the true life of the people, all these political theorists, ambitious climbers, jealous rivals —'

'Yes, I wish a Duma, but a truly Russian Duma,' said the Tsar, pronouncing the word 'Duma' for the first time and ignoring my idea of a Sobor. He was probably thinking of the Duma recommended by Minister Bulygin, a parliament borrowed from abroad — that disastrous abortion that he approved a little later and gave to Russia.

I was often told in the higher circles at Petrograd, by people close to the Imperial court, that the Emperor was unable to form a firm opinion on any subject. He always agreed with the last man who talked to him. I do not know how far this was true. I only know that when I talked to the Tsar I convinced myself that he would not agree with my proposal. . . .

I described to the Tsar the practical measures that should be taken to assemble a Zemskii Sobor. The Emperor ought first to consult the most prominent members of the Russian Zemstvos. They were men competent to work out the basis for such a parliament. I put my case with spirit and conviction. Nicholas II listened to me at times with attention, at other times with an indifferent and wearied air. His gentle and calm glance was intelligent; it showed kindness but not a spark of energy or firmness. He took his cigarette case from his pocket and lighted a cigarette.

'You do not smoke?' he asked.

'No,' I answered, 'I have given it up.'

'And meat? Your father is a vegetarian.'

'I tried it for four years, but I have begun to eat meat again since my illness in Egypt.'

'I cannot get along without it,' said the Tsar. 'I feel weak if I don't eat meat.'

I could see that this was a topic in which he was really interested — unquestionably more interested than in a future parliament. Possibly, being in feeble health, he imagined meat might strengthen him; or perhaps he merely thought that a vegetable diet might do him good. I was taking very great care of my own health at that time, and even in Petrograd slept with an open window all winter. I took cold baths every morning and active exercise. So I thought it my duty to give the Tsar

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some good advice about his health. Possibly I had an idea that this would make him stronger and more vigorous. So I described my regimen at length. I told him of my book, *My Hygiene*. He listened without interest and suddenly interrupted me: —

'You are very fond of Sweden. I have read your book.'

'Yes, the Swedes are highly civilized. Their civilization is perhaps the highest in the whole world. I am a convert to the Scandinavian theory — I mean to the idea that all our Russian culture came from the Varangians and that we should imitate them and follow them.'

I proceeded to deliver a warm eulogy of the institutions and especially the schools of Sweden.

'Sweden,' I continued, 'formerly had communes the way we have. The Swedish Government divided up the common land into farms, giving each peasant a freehold. A powerful class of well-to-do farmers was thus created who afford a sure guaranty for the tranquillity of the people. In our country the peasant communes are one of the great causes of poverty. I have written several articles on this subject that your Majesty may have seen.'

The Emperor looked at me with a little more interest and said: 'I've got that in mind. It is a great reform that I am going to bring about. It is already commenced.'

Just then I heard a sound outside the door. The Tsar turned his head and smiled. Perhaps it was one of his children who had come for him. He rose and I understood that the audience was over.

'Write me when you have anything to tell me,' said the Emperor, extending his hand. 'I want to learn the truth and I believe you are sincere.'

When I left, I asked myself in a worried and discontented way if I had said all that I should have said, and if I had spoken with enough energy and conviction.

After this audience I wrote the Tsar quite frequently. Now and then I noticed that some action was taken more or less along the lines I advised. Sometimes nothing was done. For instance, under the influence of the opinions I continued to hold about Sweden and Protestantism, I once sent the Tsar a long letter suggesting certain church-reforms, not in the direction of Lutheranism or of any particular sect, but merely to simplify the Orthodox service and ceremonies. I suggested that all the old Slavic prayers be translated into Russian; that seats be placed in the churches; that the services be shortened and the sacraments be simplified, without sacrificing the spirit of our religion or its magnificent church music.

Laker Maklakov, one of the Ministers of the Interior, told me that the Tsar had not approved my idea and was perhaps offended by it. He was fanatically religious and entertained very different views from mine on this question. In his mind the Old Church was one of the corner stones of Russia's strength and must not be touched.

In another letter I begged the Emperor to send away Rasputin, who was becoming increasingly offensive to every class in Russia, except possibly to the little circle that he had gathered around him. Not long afterward Rasputin was exiled for a time to Siberia, and everybody was delighted. Unhappily, a few weeks later the court favorite was recalled to Tsarskoe Selo, and never again left Petrograd and its neighborhood till his death.

I saw Nicholas II once more during the Great War. He was then with his troops in the Grand Headquarters on the front at Mogilev. Conditions in Russia were going from bad to worse. Above all, the food question was

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frightening everybody. Bread was becoming scarcer and dearer because of the demands for provisioning the army, and we knew that it would take a tremendous effort to save the situation. Sturmer was nominated Premier and Count Bobrinskii Minister of Agriculture. These two nominations, especially the first, completely upset public opinion. No man, not even the most reactionary, was satisfied.

I was then at our country house at Iasnaia Poliana. I thought I had a plan for relieving the grain scarcity. It seemed to me that setting prices, as the Government was doing, was no solution of the problem. We should first of all take an inventory of all the stock of cereals in Russia and Siberia, and then requisition and distribute them to the people and the army. We should have to do a lot of other things — among them prohibit exports, which continued, to my utter despair, throughout the entire war. Flour was carried by thousands of sacks from the Nicholas Station to the Finland Station in Petrograd and was unquestionably sent eventually to Germany. No one stopped this piece of criminal infamy, and when I published an article upon it in the *Novoe Vremia* it was read, but thousands on thousands of sacks continued uninterruptedly to pass the windows of my house, on their way from the Nicholas Station to the Finland Station and on their way to Germany.

Suddenly I decided to go to Mogilev and talk to the Emperor personally if he would receive me. I carefully wrote out my plan for food-control, intending to send it to the Tsar if I could not see him personally. One of my old schoolmates, Count Sheremetev, was on the Emperor's staff and I appealed to him. Sheremetev was living at the Hôtel de France, in Mogilev, with the Polish prince, Count Zamojski. My old friend received me with his usual kindness and promised that he would mention me to Nicholas II that very afternoon, during the auto ride that he took daily with the Emperor.

Next morning Sheremetev came to me and said that my errand was done. 'I mentioned you to the Emperor, and the Emperor is glad you have come; but he apologizes for not being able to receive you. He repeated several times that I must apologize for him. He seems to like you. But he has our whole front to think about, and just at this time all the Cabinet is here — Sturmer, Bobrinskii, and all the others. In addition the Japanese Prince Ito has just arrived to pay his respects. We have to receive him suitably. The Tsar directed me to get your plan and to give it to him at dinner to-day.'

I had no alternative but to deliver to Sheremetev the paper I had brought with me and to leave. I felt deeply discouraged and utterly lost hope for Russia. Sturmer, Bobrinskii, Prince Ito, banquets! Apparently no one had the slightest idea of what was brewing back in the interior. So much the worse!

I decided to depart that very evening and, while waiting for my train, took an afternoon walk through the city.

Imagine my surprise when almost the first person I saw passing on the street was the Tsar, in an open carriage. At his side was his son, the young Alexei Nikolaevich, who was then twelve or thirteen years old. He appeared well and happy, and a kindly smile wreathed his gentle and delicate countenance. The Tsar looked pale, tired, and worried. However, he smiled when he made some remark to his son. He did not notice me and I never saw him again. . . .

A few months later I left Russia on a long trip to the Orient — Japan, China, and India. I felt that a terrible

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catastrophe was hanging over my country and that nothing could avert it. The soldiers, returning from the front, openly boasted that they were going to upset the Government and do away with all its supporters as soon as the war was over. Peasants were singing the same song. The Liberals were agitating more busily than ever, feeling that their hour was approaching. The upper circles, half of whose members had been killed at the front, were losing their power to resist. A spasm of mortal agony and despair shot through our immense country as it lay abandoned and helpless.

It was at Honolulu, in the midst of the Pacific, that I learned the incredible news that the Tsar had abdicated. The passengers of the steamer clustered around me and asked me what I thought of it. Everybody was immensely happy and well satisfied.

'Why are you so glad?' I asked.

'Why not? There's Kerenskii. Russia is at last liberated from the despotism of the Tsars. Then —'

'All this will merely bring something still worse, still more terrible,' I replied sadly. 'I do not see anything promising about it.'

Kerenskii's name was on every lip. I did not know him. He was a nullity to me. That day the Honolulu newspapers printed what I had said. My opinions surprised everybody. Tolstoi, the son of the great Tolstoi, expressing such reactionary sentiments! But I had spoken as a man who knew and loved his country, and my father in my place would have done the same. Any patriot, any Christian, any statesman, every honest and sincere man in Russia could have said nothing different. A country is never redeemed by suddenly destroying its institutions and historical traditions. It is never redeemed by violence and class war, but only by the slow amelioration of laws and customs. The Russia of the future will be a better country, not because she had a revolution, nor because of the external changes that have happened to her, but solely as the result of the new laws and institutions that she will gradually create for herself.

FASCIST MANNERS AND MANNERISMS

BY ELLEN LUNDBERG-NYBLOM

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, January* 21
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

'THE idyl is over! Italy has come to, in power and glory.'

The expression is not mine. It was made by an intelligent and cultivated Italian woman — with a half-sigh for the past and a glowing look of pride and confidence in Italy's future.

She is right. The idyl is over. Life in Italy has begun to strive for up-to-date forms. In some respects there have been visible improvements. Like a Damocles sword Fascism hangs over the heads of the peaceable Italian citizens. There is no longer any real repose in their minds. They have been torn from their *dolce far niente* and are still only half awake. They have to brace up and try to keep the pace. It comes

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a bit hard. The 'glory' demands sacrifices which are bothersome enough. But since Italy — according to the Italians themselves — 'made the war, won the victory, and concluded the peace,' she has, of course, certain obligations. The empire nightmare rides her brain. Perhaps she has begun to realize that it is easier to win a position than to keep it. This may be the reason why the infantile Italian people, who suddenly consider themselves the advance guard of civilization, for the time being appear to be so arrogant and unnecessarily zealous in the fulfillment of their duties as 'leaders.'

Children like to play at being grown-ups and, like all children playing that game, the Italians take their rôle with excessive solemnity. They are so anxious about their dignity. Every little functionary regards himself as a potential Mussolini; every proclamation is adorned with many and dazzling words; every demonstration is held with a gravity and a pathos that seem affected. The Italians are, after all, a people of exaggerations — of violent contrasts. They are fond of many and fine words, the sound of which has the power to dazzle and seduce them.

When they act as they do now, the old saying comes to mind, '*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*' At present they are not far from balancing on the margin between the two. Picture postals of Mussolini are inscribed '*Il Duce*' or '*Il ré dei re.*' What will the next climax offer? Or will it be an anticlimax?

Some time ago the Fascisti of all Tuscany held a demonstration at Florence. About 15,000 persons of all ages were gathered together. They made an impressive picture, well adapted to the beautiful old Renaissance frame. The procession, stretching out of sight, trickled down Via Tornabuoni across Ponte S. Trinita, with the old and new bright-colored banners carried among the ranks and the red lilies of Florence on a white background held highest of all. The marchers were reflected in the pale-yellow waters of the Arno, — men, youths, children, accompanied by everyday Florentines, — all en route for the Piazza Pitti, where speeches were to be made. The faces of the participants were very solemn. Many of them had their chests so covered with medals and ribbons that one wondered how they could have earned them all in a single lifetime.

While the long column passed by I had conversation with a blacksmith and a coachman. They were not over-enthusiastic.

'Celebrations, banners, standards, drums, trumpets! That is all people care about,' grumbled the blacksmith, 'even if they don't have a handful of macaroni in the pot.'

Panem et Circenses. It is still true. And if there must be a choice they take the entertainments. I assume the old blacksmith knew his countrymen and I believe he was right.

There is not the old cosiness about travel in Italy, even though the trains are fairly on time, and window- and curtain-straps which some years ago disappeared into 'private ownership' have recently been restored. All the *tasse* and *bolli*, which add to one's bills, and the majority of which apply only to foreigners, are troublesome enough, to say nothing of the new laws that one encounters where least expected.

Thus a few days ago I was escorted to a distant booth in the railroad station at Florence by a tall Fascist who decreed I should pay for the two handbags I am accustomed to take with me on the trains. A young clerk with long hair, which he continually had to stroke back from his forehead with a small, dirty hand, adorned with many

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rings and mourning-edged nails, wrote 10.50 on a receipt which he handed me. I gave him eleven lire. He had no change. 'You 'll have to go out and get change, or else wait until the others have passed,' he remarked and threw back my money. Behind me was a long line of other victims. Impossible to do either! Time was pressing. I decided to try a joke. 'Are there really not fifty centesimi in all Italy?' I asked. 'Take my eleven lire and give the fifty centesimi to the poor!' Thereupon I attempted to leave, but the man became furious. He yelled that I should be held, that my receipt and my bags should be taken away from me. Then my kind porter solved the situation by lending me the wretched soldi. The matter was settled and we marched out on the platform. But no! Out from his booth emerged the long-haired clerk, followed by the gigantic Fascist. The little man stopped me with an imperious gesture.

'Signora,' he said solemnly, raising his dirty index finger, 'Italy is not to be belittled. We,' turning his finger to his own chest, 'lead civilization! It is we who teach and educate the world! Remember that!"

Once more I tried to take the matter as a joke. 'It is too bad,' I said, 'I have lived in Italy many years, but the most I have learned is to be provoked at you ten times a day.' Fortunately the train then steamed in and I escaped further sermons.

But that is not far from the way one feels — now more so than ever. You are pleased, for instance, at having found a good-natured accommodating shopkeeper who has provided a bargain. An hour later you discover that the kind man has sold you a defective article, and you get out of temper.

Someone has said: 'An Italian can deceive you more delightfully than anyone else.' That was the truth. Nowadays the amiability is not so common as in the 'good old days.' But there is no rule without exception. Sometimes one encounters Italian tradesmen who show unlimited confidence. They seem to be willing to let you carry home half their stock to try out the different articles or their effect in the room without asking as security so much as your address. And among the people themselves you frequently discover an inborn culture, fine feelings, and a firm, self-sacrificing devotion that is both touching and genuine. Such qualities I should call typically Italian.

But what one inevitably misses in Italy is a moderately educated middle class, which makes mixing among 'ordinary' people easy and agreeable. The middle class everywhere constitutes the majority and in Italy it is, on the whole, not attractive. The average Italian is both kindly and accommodating, but he seems to feel an inborn urge to yell and 'carry on' — the Venetians excepted. Wherever he goes he takes up a lot of room, spits on the floor, sings aloud when he feels like it, eats in anything but an appetizing manner, and generally feels quite *a casa sua* in public places.

At the same time these nervous and convulsively lively people appear to be remarkably patient and good-natured when they have to wait or be crowded or undergo any kind of disagreeable, boresome process. They take things very much at their ease. They are never hurried. On such occasions it is we Northerners who appear impatient and nervous.

On the other hand a number of laws or regulations have no meaning for the Italians. 'No Smoking,' 'No Spitting,' 'No Crossing' are like those rules that are written only to be broken.

A few days ago I observed a young Fascist on the train to Perugia. He came from Rome, where he had been to celebrate the anniversary of the *Marcia*

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di Roma. To a pair of reverently listening friends he was relating his experiences, while he had his legs up on the seat (the latest Fascist prohibition), smoked ('Smoking Forbidden'), and continually spat on the carpet. The next day I saw him again at the railroad station of Perugia. He was the station agent himself! The example is rather typical.

It will probably take generations before certain general rules are obeyed like unwritten laws, when personal habit becomes subordinated to the common comfort. Such a habit among the Italians is smoking. One is waited on in stores, banks, and railroad stations by clerks who live with a cigarette in the corner of the mouth. They count bills, write out tickets, make up packages, roll up cloth, mount on ladders — always with the cigarette in the mouth or between the fingertips. Mussolini's firm hand does not seem to have stretched far enough to forbid smoking in offices. Perhaps he knows his Black Shirts well enough to realize that such a ban would arouse dangerous opposition.

On the other hand Mussolini has attempted to reduce the number of fêtes. They are still many, however; their name is legion. How can there be any real continuity in the school work when the schools are continually closed for religious or royal festivals? Only recently they were closed three days on the occasion of the visit of the Spanish King and Queen. An Italian, with whom I recently discussed the subject, was in despair. 'Deliver us from all these eternal celebrations,' he exclaimed. 'They keep us from living, working, and becoming human again! The poor Italian flag is hoisted up and down, put out and taken in so many times each week that if this is to continue the flag ought to be made waterproof and left out in all weathers.'

But with all the glory that the war, the victory, and Mussolini have brought the country, the population lives in a sort of supernationalistic orgy, which is continually stimulated in order to keep up the enthusiasm and to fortify the strength of Fascism.

The secret of Mussolini's unexampled power lies partly in his strong will. The Italian wants someone to boss him, someone to show the way and speak loudly to him. But the proud words and promises which Mussolini constantly pronounces about his country and its people have been accepted by the Italians and transformed into a quite narrow-minded self-complacency which does not promote the spiritual growth that this second *risorgimento* was intended to mean. The sweetish odor of chauvinism is in the air and at times it becomes a bit nauseating.

Italy offers still another surprise. It has become a military State. The majority of those one meets on streets and market places are in uniform. Parades, manœuvres, guards of honor, reviews, and so forth, follow each other endlessly. When such a line of soldiers passes by, one encounters many an honest, attractive face among the rank and file. The common people, therefore! But among the thousands of little, trim, powdered, and otherwise femininely finished gentlemen who swarm the streets or sit in the cafés at all hours of the day, and who cast nasty, voracious glances at all young girls they pass without the least respect either for womanly modesty or for what is required of a gentleman — among them one looks in vain for the makings of that new, glorious Italy, which flutters on all lips or hovers in the air like a new Fata Morgana.

In the civic palace of Bologna one of Italy's most celebrated war-heroes spoke a few days ago about Fascism and closed with these words: 'We are

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the nation that leads civilization! Other nations imitate us, and those unable to do that — envy us.'

It is fine and noble for a nation to be great. But I venture to believe that the quality does not come all at once or through the daring ingenuity of a single man. And, while the young men pay so much attention to their appearance and their clothes, there is something lacking in the virile 'nerve' which constitutes an indispensable requirement for a country's healthy future. The feminine element in the Italian nature needs to be eliminated and replaced with more marrow. But how? Perhaps the beginning has been made already, though the results are so far quite insignificant.

Mussolini works intensely, indefatigably. To-day, as emphatically as when he made his opening address to the Senate, he preaches work. And there can be no question but that a certain contingent has heeded his warnings. Otherwise it would be sad indeed. But — Italy has fifty million inhabitants.

'The childhood of our race passed by,
And idleness became a pain,'

sings Verner von Heidenstam, the Swedish nationalist poet. The Italian childhood seems to have passed by, even though one cannot assert that idleness has become a pain. The Italians are awake, and ahead of them they see an immense uncultivated field. The plough and the spade are in the soil and the threatening voice of Mussolini commands, 'Work!' And the country, fortunately, no one can spoil. The mountains, the sea, the monuments, the air, the light! All those things remain and will remain forever beautiful, forever thrilling, forever unchangeable!

But the conditions, the people are changed. The older generation admits it with a sigh. The younger generation declares itself 'poor in everything, except ideals.' That is not, however, the impression one gets. Materially speaking, Italy has progressed in many respects. But the idyl is over. One cannot help missing it!

FASCISM FACES THE BALLOT BOX

BY GUGLIELMO SALVADORI

From the *New Statesman, March* 1
(London Liberal Labor Weekly)

The strange admiration which so many English papers and English people show for Fascism can be explained only by a want of knowledge. Fascism is taken as a synonym of nationalism and patriotism. But as for nationalism, there is an older party of that name, which, though having as its motto a greater Italy, and though representing the small imperialistic and militaristic current and the idea of State authority versus the individual rights of the citizens, has never tried to overstep the law, proceeding always by constitutional methods; only after the advent of Fascism has it fused itself with the new party. And as for patriotism, it is not too much to say

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that the great majority of Italian patriots look with great suspicion at the new state of things, and are extremely anxious as to what it may bring about, for no good patriot and law-abiding citizen can look with approval at illegality and dictatorship. The Red and the Black Shirts are antitheses — the one came to free, the other to bind.

The salient feature of Fascism is illegality. An incident has just taken place at the station of Florence which, though almost too common to excite remark here, I will cite as an example. The *Corriere della Sera*, the gravest and most widely circulated newspaper in Italy, published at Milan, was waited for at the station by some thirty Fascisti, all armed. As the bundles of newspapers were unloaded, at two o'clock in the early afternoon, the Fascisti seized upon them, carried them out, and in the piazza before the station made a bonfire of them, under the eyes of a gaping crowd that knew better than to interfere, since the Fascisti shoot at sight. The police made a feint of protesting, but knew that to arrive late would please the Government, and in any case the arrests they might make would not be maintained. That the police should stand aside for such reasons when the law is violated is enough to characterize and condemn any government.

Another recent incident is that of Cesare Sobrero, correspondent of the *Stampa* and *Giorno di Napoli*, two well-known daily papers, which, like the *Corriere della Sera*, indulged in some criticism, cautious perforce, of the party in power. Sobrero was called to the police station and admonished to be careful, for his remarks had not pleased the Prime Minister! The truth is the one thing one cannot now say or print in Italy.

Many other so-called episodes occur all over the country — which indeed are not episodes but a method. At Genoa an ex-deputy is hindered from speaking in a private house among friends — Fascisti irrupt. At Bari two members of Parliament belonging to that province are banished. In the neighborhood of Rome the Popolari Party — in opposition — is prevented from preparing for the elections. The Fascio of Friuli decrees that the opposition shall present no candidate for the administrative elections. These infringements of the most elementary rights of citizenship might be multiplied without end.

It was during the short period of aberration that succeeded the war, with its strikes and red flags, already on the wane by September 1920, when the occupation of the factories had proved to the workmen themselves that they could not get on alone, that the bourgeoisie decided to bind themselves together (*Fascio* = bundle, bound) to support the State in case of strikes, and combat the well-organized Socialists. So far, so good; when order, which was gradually returning, was established, the Fascio was to have unloosed itself, having merited well of a grateful nation. Everything was contributing to this end — time, which in itself calms and settles, the staid Catholic Popolari Party with its great influence among the peasantry, the tragic example of Russia, and, last but not least, the obvious uselessness of strikes when too often abused as a weapon. It was then that the ex-Socialist Mussolini saw his opportunity; or rather the clique that financed him did, using him as a tool to combat Socialism and its anticapitalistic principles.

Mussolini had left his party at the beginning of the war, and with money paid him by France — as he cheerfully admits — started the newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*, to make propaganda for

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Italy's intervention in the war. The Socialists wept for their lost leader, whom they knew for a man, if not of an elevated type, at least of energy and organizing talent, astute rather than intelligent, and they regretted him still more when they saw his success. He chanced, whether from luck or cunning, to base his influence on the generation of boys who had grown up wild, nervous, and idle, with their fathers in the trenches and their anxious mothers doing men's work away from home, with the schools and workshops in disorder, and the ways of war their daily food — with D'Annunzio's raid on Fiume as an object lesson in coups de main.

These boys were in their teens when the Fasci began and gave them an outlet for their restlessness. Mussolini pandered to their tastes, to the boyish love of make-up and adventure. He dressed them in sinister black shirts, with a white skull or some other darkly romantic emblem embroidered on the pockets; he encouraged mysterious nocturnal 'punitive' excursions in autocars packed as full as they could hold of excited youth, well armed, to burn down Socialist mutual-society clubs, and afterward private houses, for 'reprisal' if anyone rebelled, shooting at sight, partly for fear and partly for bravado, all who resisted — learning the manners and bearing of stage villains. He taught them to consider themselves above the law, and all their crimes glorious, for this, he said, was patriotism. A true corrupter of youth, our Mussolini! But his chief teaching was the contempt for law — the only obedience was to himself, and to the King in so far as he patronized him.

On Mussolini's accession to power after the *mascherade* of the March on Rome, — permitted chiefly because it was not taken very seriously, and done to amuse the boys, — it was hoped by many that the Fasci would be unbound, and that Mussolini would govern in the ordinary legal way, respecting the Italian Constitution. But, too vain and not great enough to do this, he preferred to keep his devoted satellites, who began to find it rather dull, with no more nocturnal excursions, no manhunts. Mussolini then invented another diversion: he changed his Black Shirts into a militia, with Roman names — consuls, decurions, centurions, and so forth — and the Roman salute of extended arm. Julius Cæsar and his host!

The militia are 300,000, to be increased to 500,000, armed and more or less drilled — a real army. Yet they in no way depend on the army or the King, but on Mussolini himself. He may threaten civil war with them, and does threaten to have anybody shot who criticizes this creature of his making, *La Milizia per la Difesa Nazionale.* But, as we have the army and navy for national defense, the very name is false.

They are not a corps of volunteers to help the army in case of need, as foreigners probably think, but a means to terrorize internal opposition, and daily, systematically, they take the law into their own hands, and are never punished for crimes against life and property, although severely for disobedience to their own rules. We can imagine how they will behave during the excitement of the coming general elections in April — elections which will be a sorry farce, and which ex-Minister Orlando and other leaders of the Liberal Democratic Party declined to countenance, declaring their intention of withdrawing from public life.

After the most definite assertions of complete independence and intransigence, expressing in most impolite and vulgar language the deep disgust all other parties caused him, Mussolini has sent messenger after messenger to Or-

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lando, begging, almost imploring him to join the list of government candidates, not as a representative of his party, but on his personal merits. After much demur Orlando, and a few other notabilities of the same Democratic Party, have accepted, making it a condition that the Constitution and Parliament shall be respected, and hoping doubtless in this way to curb the dangerous career of the present Government.

That it is dangerous there is no doubt. Strangers who come abroad see that the country seems quiet, but order imposed outside the law cannot be durable. When the image of order, with feet of clay, falls suddenly, as fall it must, those countries that have not taken the trouble to look below the surface will have done Italy an ill service in encouraging the kind of infatuation for Mussolini which has come over many people, even among the Italians; and chief of these countries is England, whose press and whose subjects abroad hail Mussolini as the savior of his country!

SAND

BY MARGARET ORMISTON

[Observer]

I AM lord of the waterless waste, I am king of the desert,
I fill the lone spaces, and sprinkle the floor of the sea;
I sift and I crumble my atoms with passionless labor,
While the ages swing on to their goal, and the centuries flee.

I am patient: I wait while the times and the seasons go over,
Ere I swallow your pomp and your pride, the work of your hands.
I have hidden your far-famèd cities, your tombs, and your temples,
And their glory lies choked 'neath the weight of devouring sands!

Ye are dragging the past from the deep of untroubled oblivion,
And piercing the secrets of old? It is well: I can wait.
Can ye conquer, O pygmies, whose life is a breath and a vapor?
Nay, behold, I am ancient as Time, relentless as Fate!

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SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

BY MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

[*This article is an abridgment of a chapter from Unamuno's* Andanzas y Visiones Españolas. *The author, possibly the most distinguished man of letters in Spain, has recently been exiled to the Canary Islands by the Military Directory on account of his criticism of the present régime. Santiago de Compostela, in the heart of Galicia, is one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in Spain. Local legend says that the body of the 'Apostle James the Great, one of the sons of Thunder,' lies buried there.*]

THE railway runs beside the beautiful River Arosa and passes close to Padrón, anciently called Iria Flavia, where it is said the Apostle dwelt for a time. It is even said — blessed are those who believe it — that a stone which is preserved in the local church of Santiago is the very stone to which was moored the boat which transported his body.

Once past Padrón the towers of Santiago began to appear in sight. I was reminded of Salamanca, my own town, for these are unquestionably the two Spanish collegiate and episcopal cities that most resemble each other, although Salamanca is more open, more lively, more sunny — and more paved. The sandy hue of *plateresca* Salamanca is golden in the sunshine and she boasts a profusion of foliage designs and other delicate architectural traceries difficult to produce in the hard granite of Santiago, which soon turns black beneath that leaden and dripping sky, and gives the city of Compostela its distinguishing air of austerity and sombreness.

Yet I do not find this sombreness ugly. The *ruas* of Compostela, bordered by arcades beneath which students and priests pass up and down, indicate a city given to study and prayer, yet leaving place for the conquests of love. They bring to my mind furtive loves, dark tragedies, dreams of mystery among swarthy-skinned lovers beneath sullen skies, keeping trysts which might be sacrilegious amid the dark Roman aisles of the Cathedral.

The Cathedral crowns and absorbs everything else. Its principal or western façade, called the Obradeiro, stands on one side of the largest and stoniest square of Santiago, which is flanked by four monumental edifices — the Cathedral itself, the royal hospital ordered built by Ferdinand and Isabella for the use of pilgrims, the theological seminary, and the ancient College of San Jerónimo.

Within the façade of the Obradeiro, giving entrance to the Cathedral, stands the stupendous Portico de la Gloria, Spain's triumph of sculpture. Words fail to describe this poem in stone which breathes the art and piety of the Middle Ages. The carven marble in its eternal youth speaks to us of a juvenile faith, a sort of virgin mother of the most comforting visions. Surrounding the figure of Our Lord showing His wounds amid the four Evangelists, the ancients of the Apocalypse, with their musical instruments in their hands, are absorbed in their never-ending ecstasy.

Prophets and apostles smile on us at a lower level. The polychrome stone speaks, almost sings. Mathew, the author of this architectural wonder, prays, in stone, at the base of the portico, kneeling and gazing at the altar upon which stands the sepulchre of the Apostle. Worthy of our great Roman

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cathedral is this Portico de Gloria. The Roman style, severe and dignified, does not lapse into the frivolous moods into which the Gothic sometimes falls. The religious gravity of the Roman does not lend itself to the literary sentimentalities of the Gothic. This Santiago Cathedral suggests first of all the idea of a sepulchre, almost of a catacomb. It is very far from the rainbow picturesqueness of the Cathedral of Leon. In Santiago one must pray, somehow or other; it is not enough to make literature about it. Its lofty gallery reminds us of the ardent pilgrims who once slept there. And it was for the purpose of fumigating the Cathedral, purging it of the stench which those pilgrims left behind them, that the famous *botafumeiro* or censer was constructed, which still hangs from the great arch and is swung from the crossing of the transepts.

While the towers of the Cathedral dominate the city, yet they are surrounded by many others, and from the promenade of Herradura the view reminds one of a dark forest of stone rising above the smiling verdure of the fields. Near by is San Martín Pineiro, now a papal seminary, formerly a Benedictine monastery, solemn, spacious, and bare. And, poor and simple as the saint of Assisi, stands also the temple of Saint Francis. No suggestion of florid sandy-hued Salamanca clings about the austere granite of Compostela.

Later we wander about those ruas of Santiago, past their corners and niches, across the stony plazas and under the arcades which once resounded with the prayers of the pilgrims and to-day, on warm evenings, whisper the sighs of modern lovers. For, even more than in gayer cities bright with sunshine, even more than in the open country, love prevails here as a relief and consolation in these old gray towns, priestly and academic, weighed down with the gloom of ages. In the long winter nights, with the rain steadily falling and the countless bells tolling, what else is there to do?

Could I, in dry hard prose, give you a more vivid impression of Santiago than a local peasant poet has furnished us in these words: 'Cemetery of the living! Strange city, at once beautiful and ugly, at once alluring and detestable, like some creature that attracts and repels us! Something in you extinguishes enthusiasm and draws us away from the world of happy dreams toward a land of arid truth.'

One has somewhat the same feeling when set down on the plains of Castile, for there is a close relationship between the spirit of Castile and that of Compostela. Santiago is the most Castilian thing there is in Galicia — it is a profoundly Castilian place, a Castile with a wet and leaden sky. A visitor feels very far from the smiling lowlands of Pontevedra or the meadows bordering the Minho as he walks the streets of Compostela. But Santiago is one of the hearts of Spain; the Galician characteristics seem obliterated under the surge of the common soul of Spain, basically Castilian — the national soul.

Not in vain was Santiago for centuries a centre of international pilgrimages. The international submerges all narrow regionalisms and invigorates the national. The devout pilgrims in coming to Santiago came to Spain, and traversed not merely Galicia but Spain. They came to visit the sepulchre of the patron saint of Spain and not alone Galicia. Our mediæval battle-cry was *Santiago y cierra España*, but when Saint James took Spain in his grasp he broke down and threw open her interior barriers and engaged all her people in the common conflict against the Moor.

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The sepulchre of Santiago is one that belongs to all Spain. The sepulchre in Galicia may be the tomb of a certain Priscillianus, who was a Galician, a Gnostic, and a Bishop of Avila, who in the fourth century combined some features of Galician paganism with certain Christian doctrines; in baptizing the superstitious Celts he endeavored to Christianize his people. He was beheaded at Treves; his body was apparently brought back to his native Galicia, and his sepulchre probably became a place of pious pilgrimage. Later would there not be an advantage in adopting this and giving the sanction of orthodoxy to the pilgrimages by the aid of a new legend, in the same spirit in which Priscillianus himself baptized the superstitious Celts? For one must say that a modern man of critical mind, however Catholic he may be, can hardly admit that the body of Saint James Major lies in Compostela.

CEREMONIES AT THE VATICAN

BY COUNT ALBRECHT MONTGELAS

From *Vossische Zeitung, January* 20
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

It is shortly before one o'clock — a clear but cold day. A strong easterly wind blows across St. Peter's Square, sweeping along in spray the waters of the fountains, so that the cobblestones are wet as far as the colonnades. It is impossible to cut across, and in order to avoid the shower, we must take refuge under the arches. Men and women run up the stairway which leads to the bronze gate at the end of the straight portico. All the women wear black lace shawls on their heads.

It is the hour for audience with the Pope. This ceremony has three forms. An ordinary, general audience is held in a large hall, where the Pope, accompanied by the clerical chamberlains and the *Maestro di camera*, Monsignor Caccia Dominioni, bestows his blessing on the kneeling populace, and then returns to his private apartments. But previously the Pope has appeared in the small throne-room where a few visitors, admitted to private audience have ranged themselves along one of the walls. Here the Holy Father extends to each his hand to be kissed, and to some he also speaks. Still earlier, usually late in the forenoon, the real private audiences have taken place. To these, only diplomats, cardinals, dignitaries of the curia, and others of high rank are admitted.

Passing through the bronze gate, where a Swiss guard in his bright uniform with a halberd on his shoulder was walking back and forth, I entered the Vatican and then went straight up the large stairway as far as the Damasus Court. Here I was received by two Papal chamberlains, wearing a uniform quite similar to that of the Italian carabinieri, only with a white and yellow cockade on their two-peaked caps, who directed me to a large door to the left, from which a

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wide stairway leads up to the antechambers of the Papal apartments. There, at the entrance to the throne-room, stood two gigantic Papal gendarmes, wearing tremendous bearskin caps, recalling those of Napoleon's grenadiers. About thirty persons had already assembled in the small throne-room into which I was conducted: secular clergy, monks of various orders, and laymen. The gentlemen wore frock coats; the ladies wore black, high-necked gowns, black Spanish veils on their heads, and were without gloves. There were also children; little girls in white, even white veils. The grown-ups, though at heart not less excited themselves, admonished the impatient little ones, and gave them additional instructions how to behave.

A narrow chamber on the right connects the small throne-room with the personal apartments of the Pope. At the door of this intermediary chamber stood two young members of the noble guard in gorgeous uniforms, wearing helmets like those of the French cuirassiers, but without the horsehair plumes. In addition, there were the officer of the day, and the officiating honorary chamberlain, wearing an admiral's hat and dagger.

A bell rings. The private audience is over; the Pope is on his way to his apartments. Those present range themselves against the wall. Then the clerical chamberlain, a young Monsignor, appears and asks one of the gentlemen present — an author from Turin — and myself to take position in the small intermediary chamber. At the same moment, the Pope, accompanied by Monsignor Caccia, arrives, and we kneel. The Pope speaks three or four words with the Italian gentleman, and then approaches me.

To me he also extends his hand. Then Monsignor Caccia says: '*Un tedesco.*' The Pope, who had already half turned to go, pauses a moment and speaks to me in German. Slowly, as is his wont, but fluently, he asks where I come from, and tells me how he rejoices that better political feeling now prevails in Germany. When I begin to speak of the distress and the high cost of living at home, he says that he knows it only too well, that he receives, daily, from all parts of the Reich most harrowing reports. Then a few words more of a personal nature, and his blessing, and he enters the throne-room, where the anxiously waiting visitors, the members of the noble guard, and the chamberlains on duty have listened to this conversation in the strange language of the North. At least, that is my thought at the moment, and as a German I am proud and happy.

It is the twenty-second of December. This afternoon at four o'clock the Pope will place the red cardinal's cap on the heads of Monsignor Lucidi and Monsignor Galli, who is the greatest Latin scholar among all the learned priests in Rome and has translated the letters and encyclicals of the last two Popes into classical Latin. Again I am present in the great audience hall where the happy possessors of tickets are gathering. Along the wall opposite to the entrance stands a squad of Swiss guards, under the command of a non-commissioned officer.

Suddenly a loud command resounds: '*Achtung! Steht! Schultert das Gewehr!*' With truly Prussian precision the heavy halberds jump in three movements to the left shoulder. A cardinal who is to take part in the services crosses the hall on his way to the room where the ceremonies are to take place. '*Gewehr bei Fuss!*' And with a thump the shafts of the halberds strike the stone tiles. German commands in

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these surroundings! My heart beats with happiness and pride as I gaze at these men of my race who, though born outside the Reich, have preserved their German speech and German character, both in their beautiful home country and here abroad in the land of the Latins.

The ceremony is short and simple. Except for the Pope, who enters through a side door and takes his seat on an elevated throne, Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, and Cardinal Vannutelli, the Dean of the College of Cardinals, only a few clerical and lay chamberlains and prelates are present. The cardinals are not dressed in red, but in violet, on account of the Advent season. The two newly appointed cardinals are introduced. They kneel before the Pope, and then take their seats. In accordance with tradition, the Pope reads an address in which he enumerates the merits of the new appointees, on account of which they have been accorded their new honors. He speaks in Italian, slowly, very clearly, making now and then an expressive gesture. After the address, the two cardinals-elect again approach the throne in order to receive, kneeling, the caps which the Pope places on their heads. Then they rise and, officially accoutred as cardinals, bow to the Pope, before whom only a few moments before they had knelt as Monsignors.

Next morning, Sunday, at half-past nine, the great public ceremony of bestowing the cardinal caps takes place in the great ornate hall located above the portal of St. Peter's Cathedral, where solemn canonizations also are held. Even ticket-holders must come early, because the tickets are not numbered. In the large rooms and corridors, through which the solemn procession will pass, stands have been erected, in which the close-packed multitude has waited for hours. In the canonization hall itself, rows of chairs have been placed on either side, leaving only a narrow passage in the centre. To the right and left of the Papal throne are the tribunes for the diplomatic corps, the Knights of Malta, the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Roman nobility. In the corridors and antechambers, the Palatine guard forms solid lines in front of the stands. In the ceremonial chamber itself, the Swiss guard makes barriers, and in front of the throne the members of the guard of nobles stand at attention.

It is almost half-past nine. Suddenly loud hand-clapping is heard from the rear chambers. Astonished at this kind of applause in these rooms and on this occasion, I turn to the member of the Swiss guard standing nearest to me, and ask him what it means.

'The Pope is coming. The Italians always clap their hands.' The applause comes closer and closer in constantly swelling waves, and suddenly the hymn *Tu es Petrus* peals forth from behind a gilt wooden grating; and a moment later, high above the heads of the crowd and the troops, wearing the golden mitre on his head and blessing the applauding throng to right and left, appears the two hundred and sixtieth successor of the simple fisherman of Galilee, who once, as a scorned and unknown stranger, passed through the marble palaces and temples of the ornate capital of the mighty Roman Empire, possessing nothing except faith in Him who first spoke to him these very same words: '*Tu es Petrus, et non praevalebunt!*'

Slowly the procession approaches the throne. At the head of it are the clerical officials of the Curia, then the chaplain of the Pope, wearing the plain brown garment of a Capuchin monk, then the Uditori of the Rota and of

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the Congregations, the abbots, generals, and various dignitaries of the different orders: Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, and others. Next comes the golden Papal cross, carried aloft by a prelate, and behind that march the cardinals, in their violet garments lined with ermine, with the exception of Cardinals Fruhwirt and Boggiani, who, as Dominicans, wear white, and the English cardinal, Gasquet, in Benedictine black. Then in black Spanish garb come the holders of the highest hereditary court offices, Princes Colonna and Massimo. Next advances the sedan chair of the Pope, the *Sedia gestatoria*, preceded by two Swiss guards holding erect as candles over their shoulders two heavy mediæval swords. Behind the sedia march a great procession of archbishops, bishops, abbots, and prelates.

The ceremony itself is short. After the Pope has left the sedan and mounted the throne, the two newly appointed cardinals, waiting in the Sistine Chapel, are summoned by two other cardinals and their attendants, and kneeling, they receive the flat, red, cardinal's caps adorned with five rows of tufts, which the Pope places on top of their ermine-lined hoods.

The cardinals rise and take their places among the others. Next the Pope, from his throne and in a loud voice, intones the invocations which precede the Papal blessing: '*Sit nomen Domini benedictum*,' and bestows his Apostolic blessing on the kneeling throng. Then he mounts the sedan chair and the procession leaves the room in the same order as it came in.

Slowly the mass of spectators moves toward the exit. Behind me I hear someone make remarks in French about the Palatine guard: 'The uniform is an imitation of ours, but the men do not have the same carriage.' I turn around and behind me I see an elderly gentleman speaking to a younger one who replies: 'And medals — they have as many as General Foch!'

Later I attended a short Te Deum in the Sistine Chapel, which is not now a museum but a place of worship, and a Mass in the Pauline Chapel, the parish church of the Vatican, where Michelangelo's last works, the Conversion of Saul and the Crucifixion of Saint Peter, occupy an entire wall.

Before leaving the Vatican through the bronze gate, I turn around once more in order to enjoy a final view of the magnificent *scala regia*. At the top, the bright-uniformed Swiss guards are coming down in file by twos and threes. Close to the head of the procession walks the officer of the day in his scarlet uniform, Lieutenant von Sury, formerly a Swiss Federal Dragoon. He looks small beside the tall *lansquenets* with their halberds. Now they are all down. '*Links schwenkt!*' and they march off to their quarters.

That was the last German word I heard in these almost unreal surroundings. I once more stand in St. Peter's Square; and at the entrance to the colonnade two Italian carabinieri are stationed, reminding me that I am once more back in a real world — the Rome of Mussolini.

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SOLDIERING IN NAPOLEON'S DAY

BY CARL SCHWARTZE

[This article is taken from a larger work by a Berlin bookbinder's assistant who took part in the guerrilla warfare in Spain, first in the Spanish and then in the French forces, and who later fought in the Italian campaigns.]

From *Oesterreichische Rundschau, January*
(Vienna Political and Literary Review)

The year 1814 was over. Toward the beginning of 1815 we received orders to send a detail next day to Fondi to relieve the detachment of our regiment which had been there in garrison for a long time. Ten men were to be taken from our company, and according to the roster I ought to be one of them. But when the lieutenant received the sergeant's list of the detail and found my name lacking he asked the reason. The sergeant-major explained that he feared I might take the opportunity to desert and had therefore kept me with the regiment. But the lieutenant insisted that no exception could be made, adding: 'If the poor devil can make anything of the chance there is no use grudging it to him. He has been a long way from home for a long time.' So my name went on the list, and heartily glad I was that it should be there. On the sixteenth of January, 1815, we marched away. Fondi lies at most three hours' journey from the frontiers of Rome, and if I could not make my get-away from this city it was not likely that I ever should make it.

One of my comrades was Zecchino, a Neapolitan, but a fine-looking and not altogether uneducated young man who was not so dissolute as, for the most part, his countrymen are. He had been in Germany with Napoleon and showed more friendship for me than the rest. We became good friends on the march and decided that, since soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants of Fondi in pairs, we should stay together. He confided to me that while in Florence he had made the acquaintance of a girl who was devoted to him and whom he loved just as truly. The parents of his Bianca were well-to-do and had thrown no obstacle in the way of the lovers' marriage, stipulating only that Zecchino should leave the army. His own parents were also fairly prosperous, and if he could make his way to Florence he would be able to get married. Murat's hold on Naples would soon come to an end and then his home in Salerno would again be open to him. We agreed to desert at the next opportunity.

A guard was stationed in the market place and on the nineteenth of January Zecchino and I among others were detailed for it. We decided to slip away now, because we thought it wise to take our arms with us and likely to increase our safety. We determined to fight to the last drop of our blood before letting ourselves be taken. At nine o'clock that night I came on guard over the arms and half an hour later the whole guardroom was sound asleep except Zecchino. The door was open, everything was quiet in the city, and a fine rain was falling. Zecchino, with his musket, ammunition pouch, and knapsack, crept over to me. The door

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was near, unlocked, and without a guard. We crept out, fully equipped, and were soon outside the city.

We stalked along the broad road leading to Rome for about a musket-shot, then turned to the right across a ditch, loaded our muskets, struck off across farmland and through vines that we often had to tear down in order to get through, and pushed on to the near-by mountains. The rain was getting worse and we were glad of it, for it meant we should have less to fear from an encounter with country people. We knew that in the direction of the Papal States there were several outposts of our regiment — usually consisting of a corporal or sergeant and four men, who kept watch in a sheltered hut woven of twigs and branches with a watch fire in front at night, and who sent out a single sentry — and we knew that we had to take care not to stumble on any of them.

We had been laboring along for half an hour through the rich slippery soil of a vineyard when we saw a big house close to us, and in order not to go too near we had to make our way over a ditch and through a hedge. Behind this building we made out a hill, and when we had reached its top we saw below us and four or five hundred paces to the left a fire which we thought must belong to our troops. On our right was a swift stream at least fifteen feet wide, flowing diagonally from the Roman frontier. The best we could do was to push to the left along its bank for a while, since to turn the other way would have carried us back and brought us too close to the watch fire. The moon, which was about half full, peeped out of broken clouds and showed us that the little stream came through a near-by mountain on the right, that we had no choice but to follow the indicated direction, and that even by doing so we should come within a hundred paces of the fire, although we should be shielded from observation by some bushes. We were quite sure that no sentinel had yet observed us, since the Neapolitans usually raise the alarm immediately, and it was very likely that the soldier on guard was inside his hut on account of the rain. Crouching down, we moved along silently and carefully, our weapons ready, close beside the rushing stream, hoping that its noise would drown the sound of our movements.

But in spite of all our care I stumbled over a stone, and in using my musket to keep from falling made a terrific racket. The sentinel challenged us, but we did not answer. He challenged again, and then a third time, but we never made a sound. The soldier blazed away with his flintlock, missing us but bringing his comrades tumbling out of their shelter. It was an anxious moment. Life and freedom on one side, death on the other. We leaped through the water, which reached nearly to our chests, holding our muskets up to keep them dry, and by good luck reached the other side. Taking cover for a few seconds behind a bush, we returned their fire and hurried on. Our opponents showed no particular desire to wade through the mountain stream and pursue us.

Now we pushed on through thick underbrush toward the mountains. The heavy rainstorm wet what little of the upper part of our bodies was still dry. An even heavier rain began, mixed with sleet. It was the kind of storm that would rage for about a quarter of an hour and then hold off again for about as long. Pitch-black clouds were rushing down from north to south, and a cold storm-wind was howling through the stones and bushes. We forced our way on up the mountain over such steep and bushy ground that sometimes we had to creep on hands

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and knees and at other times hang on by twigs and branches in order to let ourselves down. We scratched our hands and faces dreadfully and had the greatest trouble keeping our muskets, which we were not yet ready to part with, from slipping from our hands and going clattering down the mountainside.

At length we came out on a level wooded plateau. After we had walked along a hundred paces we saw a moving light on the left. We stood still to see what this might be. The light came nearer. We saw two men in peasant's clothing making their way along a narrow footpath beside us. Being armed, we had nothing to fear from them and went up to ask where we were. When they saw us they drew back, pulled out pistols, and made ready to defend themselves. Recognizing them as guerrillas, we called out to them not to be afraid as we were only deserters. They controlled their fear, waited for us, and showed the greatest joy when they found that what we said was true. They honored us with the name of 'Comrade,' said that the Roman frontier was two hours distant and that we had no soldiers to fear in that direction, and pointed out the way. They would have liked to buy our ammunition, but we could not spare any, since we had only five or six rounds apiece; and so, wishing us a good journey, the bandits disappeared.

Presently we emerged from the forest into pasture land. We were in a little valley with a brook running through it, and a new adventure was waiting for us. A hound began to bay. Other dogs near and far joined in. Whistles began to blow. It was almost a concert. Firebrands flew up like rockets near us, and others farther off. Close at hand a voice called out.

In my first moment of terror I thought myself shut in by pursuers on every side, but my companion, acquainted with the country and its customs, calmed me with the explanation that we were among shepherds, who had their huts here because there was always plenty of pasture and who brought their flocks in by night. We raised our former cry of 'Deserters!' Whereupon a shepherd asked us to come closer, quieted his more-distant comrades by clapping his hands, silenced his dog, and took us into the hut. He put more wood on the fire so that we could dry our dripping clothes.

Now I learned that shepherds who are in danger from wolves or robbers call their fellows to their aid by blowing whistles and throwing burning torches high into the air, to support one another. Each one is always armed with a flintlock. Our shepherd, a young man, showed himself very sympathetic. He said we had nothing more to fear and that from here on we could make our way by daylight over the last mountain which divided Naples from the Papal States, and he invited us to stay with him until dawn, when he would go with us part way and show us our path. We followed his advice, stripped to our shirts, and dried our clothing. He shared his bread and bacon with us and when dawn began to gray we started off with him, first making him a present of our ammunition pouches, because Zecchino told me that the people of the mountains like to use them to make soles for their shoes of undressed cowhide.

The young man accompanied us for a quarter of an hour, after which we stood at the foot of a fairly high mountain. He told us that this formed the boundary and that on the other side lay Papal territory. About halfway to its summit lay a tiny village, in which the shepherd told us there were neither gendarmes nor soldiers, and through which we could make our way

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without danger. However, we did not have to go through it at all, as there were ways to go around on either side. We could see that the last advice of our guide was best, and, taking a friendly farewell of him, we set off up the mountain. Near the village we came upon a spring where there were several girls drawing water in earthen jars. We greeted them in friendly fashion, talked with them a while, and had them point out our way once more. The directions that they gave us agreed perfectly with those of the shepherd.

Presently, when we neared the summit, we struck snow. We pushed on until we could look down into Roman territory and at the first glimpse an indescribable feeling of well-being and of freedom rose in my breast. The Papal States seemed to me at this moment the most liberal empire of the whole world. With the proud thought, 'Now the whole kingdom of Naples can touch me no more!' I cast a glance backward and started downhill with my companion.

On the Roman side of the mountain, a half hour's journey farther on, the snow was often almost knee-deep. Soon, however, it ended entirely, and after an hour we reached a footpath which led us off to the left. An hour later we came in sight of a little mountain village and went toward it.

On a stony road about a musket-shot outside the village we met a peasant coming from the town with a mule. We stopped him and asked whether the village was not Sonina and whether it did not belong to the Papal States. He warned us it would be a mistake to take our arms in with us, since our weapons would be taken away and we might not be reimbursed for them. We saw clearly enough that he wanted them himself and soon struck a bargain. The peasant would pay us a scudo apiece and promised to feed and lodge us in his home as long as we wanted to stay. He himself was unwilling that others in the village should see the weapons, and with our help he took them apart and hid the stocks and barrels under a hedge of stones where he could find them in the night, while we thrust our bayonets and flintlocks into our knapsacks, whereupon he turned around and led us to his home.

Our host gave us food and drink in abundance and we spent two days in his house, partly because he would not let us go and partly because we were both safe and comfortable where we were. When we finally made ready to leave, he paid us the promised two scudi for our muskets and showed us the way to Piperno, through which ran the highroad from Naples to Rome.

From Piperno we went on, via Cisterna, Velletri, and Albano, to Rome, and along the route we had a chance to see some of the famous Pontine Marshes. Wherever we happened to be toward evening we asked for free lodging and always got food and drink in addition. In Piperno we spent the night with a citizen, at Cisterna in the hayloft of an inn, at Velletri in a barracks, and beyond Albano in an inn only two miles from Rome. On the twenty-sixth of January at ten o'clock in the morning we reached Rome.

The sentries at the gate demanded our passes and, as we had nothing of the sort, the sergeant sent a man to take us to the police, who placed us in a barracks occupied by a detachment of Papal troops made up of every nation under the sun. Here we received rations and pay like the soldiers, and their officers urged us to enlist, but we had no mind for that. After we had been in Rome until the fifth of February, we were each given a pass and we also received funds for our journey at the rate

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of ten bajocchi a day — a total of forty for our trip through the Roman territory.

In Tuscany we received no aid from the authorities and, with our money exhausted, we had to throw ourselves on the mercy of the inhabitants, with whom we fared well enough, although what they gave us was only chestnut bread or maize bread. My shoes had become so bad that I could no longer wear them, and as we left Radicofani I threw them away and went on with bare and bleeding feet. In Montalcino we had warm quarters in a big oven, from which the owner had just shaken out the glowing ashes. On the thirteenth of February we reached Florence at last, and my comrade was overjoyed to know himself at the end of his wanderings. He took me with him to the parents of his beloved, and great were their surprise and joy. The young lovers embraced each other and I could not keep back a tear of emotion as I thought of my own distant country. Bianca was a very pretty eighteen-year-old girl with black hair and lively brown eyes; her father was a cabinet-maker and owned his own house. For this day and the two days after that I had to live with these good people on the fat of the land.

Early in the morning of the sixteenth of February I left their home, after receiving ten lire for the journey and a pair of shoes as a present. I took a sincere farewell of Zecchino.

THE MIX-UP IN POGREBISHCHE

BY IURII SLIOSKIN

[*The following is an extract from the novel,* The Naked Man. *The writer is one of the modern Russian school.*]

From *Nakanune, February* 3
(Berlin Russian-Language Bolshevist Daily)

Comrade Hrust, the Chief of the District Political Police, had sent secret orders to every town of the district of Pogrebishche to arrest and imprison a man whose chief characteristic was the fact that — for some totally unknown reason — he appeared in public without his clothes. To this was added the further information that the suspect used the name Prikota, with the first name and patronymic Illarion Mihailovich. This, however, was not established beyond doubt, for the authorities were not quite certain that Prikota and the undressed man were one and the same individual. 'Therefore,' the order ran, 'Prikota is to be arrested even if he should prove that he is not Prikota.'

Countless difficulties arose immediately. In the first place, how could the police apprehend Prikota if he should be found dressed as befits a man in public? Or, if he should be arrested undressed, what was the legal definition of 'in public'?

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At Vysoky Mlyn, where the secret order from headquarters arrived first, the deciphering of the text proved extremely embarrassing. The order was written in Ukrainian. Those were the days when every Ukrainian studied assiduously his native grammar, for 'Ukrainization' was the watchword. But in many cases people unquestionably Ukrainian by blood proved to know no other language than Russian.

Mitrofan Terentievich Diuba, Chief of the County Political Police, was, however, a man of decision and purpose. His constant response to any objection or doubt expressed to him by his subordinates was 'I spit on it.'

Upon receipt of the secret telegram he summoned his assistant and the two locked themselves in his office.

Their joint labors were finally crowned with a solution, although the equivocal order still puzzled the two dignitaries. Comrade Diuba cut the Gordian knot by folding the telegram with his big callous fingers, filing it away, and after a few minutes' meditation exclaiming: 'I spit on it. Let 's act!'

All the world knew that when Comrade Diuba said 'Let 's act!' he would strike straight out from the shoulder, and never rest till the job was finished.

So when the fire warden struck midnight, up in his observation tower, an unusual commotion was audible in several places, where locked courtyard-gates cracked under heavy pressure and bass voices were arguing with much heat and emphasis.

'If I tell you to open . . .'

'And I won't open.'

'How is it that you won't open?'

'Just like this.

'And we have a warrant.'

'To h—— with your warrant!'

A short silence would follow, broken by whispering among those who were trying to enter, and then the arguing would be resumed.

'See here, Ivan Ivanovich!'

'Yes, it 's me,' a voice from a courtyard answered.

'Now, you see it 's all our own people. Why don't you open?'

'What should I open for?'

'Have n't you a stranger in your house?'

'Why should I have a stranger in my house?'

'Well, it might be some traveler — '

'I never had any and I have n't now.'

'But perhaps you don't know, yourself!'

'How can that be? That I should not know who I have in my house and who I have n't!'

Again the police would pause and whisper among themselves, and then resume arguing.

'Ivan Ivanovich — eh, Ivan Ivanovich!'

'Now what do you want?'

'Have you perhaps seen a naked man?'

'Tfu! A good thing to see, I declare! Is n't everybody naked at night?'

'That 's what we have been saying ourselves, Ivan Ivanovich; but there 's that d—— order. Where can we find that naked man?'

'If you 'd only drink less moonshine, you 'd not be out disturbing honest people at night, looking for naked men.'

'Well, a good night's sleep then, Ivan Ivanovich.'

'I wish you 'd go to sleep too, Devil's children that you are.'

At some houses, however, the police visitation was more exciting. The occupants of the house would be dumb with terror until the gate yielded, and then they would jump out of the windows into the garden. Here they would be caught.

'Well, how are things?' Chief Diuba

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asked his subordinates, emerging from the darkness astride his little horse.

'Here, we 've caught three more undressed people,' eager voices answered.

'Good! Serves them right! Going around naked in public!'

'Comrade Diuba! We — it 's a hot night. And when your people knocked, why, we thought they were robbers, and there was n't time to get dressed. . . .'

'"Thought"! You thought, did you? Well, now, I 'll put you where you can cool off and learn not to think.'

'If you 'd only let us get dressed,' one of the more modest protested.

'Get dressed — that 's fine! Shall I go and arrest myself for the naked man instead of you?'

When morning came, Comrade Diuba had fifteen perfectly nude citizens gathered in his office. Without further delay they were forwarded to the District Political Police with the following short report: —

'I am sending herewith fifteen (15) men who have aroused suspicion by their lack of attire. I am taking drastic measures to check the criminal element by definitely suppressing nudity.'

Simultaneously Comrade Hrust, Chief of the District Political Police, received another nude man, together with the following written report, signed by another local Police Chief: —

'In compliance with your order of August 2, six armed agents were sent in pursuit of the aforementioned naked man, but up to date no trace of him has been found, except the Citizen Voronoi was scrubbing his naked son, twelve years of age, in a pond; whereupon it appeared that the pond was on his own land, which cannot be called a public place; and accordingly Citizen Voronoi was freed, with an order never to repeat similar offenses in the future.'

'On the seventeenth of this month the usual holdup of train Number Three from Moscow occurred, said holdup being committed by a band of thirty (30) robbers having a machine gun and other firearms and putting ties across the rails, which caused the train to stop, whereupon the train guards started firing, receiving one heavy wound and two slight injuries. A detachment of armed militia was sent from the village Deriabki, but before it reached the spot the bandits had fled, leaving their booty, which is a quantity of suitcases loaded on carts, the number of which is being established now; and suddenly a naked man ran along the track to meet the detachment. Here the agent, Comrade Fedurov, in compliance with the strict orders given and with great danger to his own life, bravely separated himself from the detachment and ran in pursuit of the naked man, having only one revolver with two bullets in it. The naked man, having an incredible speed in running because of lack of clothes, stopped, however, in response to Comrade Fedurov's call, and threw up his hands. After he was caught and his hands had been tied behind his back, he was taken to the police headquarters, where he gave the following answers: —

'*Q.* Who are you?

'*A.* Rickberg, Alexander Moiseevich.

'*Q.* Age?

'*A.* Thirty-eight.

'*Q.* Occupation?

'*A.* Member of a trading committee for the buying-up of mines with a view to operating them.

'*Q.* Where were you going and from where?

'*A.* From Moscow to Kharkov.

'*Q.* Why were you naked, two miles from the Station of Deriabki, on August 17 of this year, and why did you try to escape from the militiamen who were sent to apprehend a band of robbers?

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'*A*. When train Number Three was stopped, bandits took all my luggage. I ran away with my money sewed into my vest, but was caught and, my pocketbook being empty, was stripped of my clothes by the bandits, who were looking for money. Then they threatened to shoot me and I ran away, thinking that everybody around there was a bandit.

'*Q*. What more can you say in refutation of the charges?

'*A*. I beg you to give me some clothes and to communicate with my friends in Kharkov and ask them to send me some money to continue my journey.

'*Q*. How can you explain that you alone of all the passengers of train Number Three were found undressed, although without any signs of violence upon your body?

'The last question remained unanswered. Considering this, and also the prisoner's unpardonable mistake in believing that political agents were bandits, and his unsatisfactory explanation as to his being found undressed, I believe that the citizen who gave his name as Rickberg, and was found naked in a public place, and might possibly have been a member of the bandit company, ought to be sent to the District Political Police under special convoy, including Comrade Fedurov — whom I especially commend for the class-conscious and proletarian way in which he discharged his duty.'

These arrests caused great excitement throughout the district of Pogrebishche, for most of the prisoners were honest peaceful citizens who had nothing to do with politics, and Citizen Rickberg, according to information gathered by the authorities, proved the inoffensive individual he claimed to be. But still stranger incidents followed in the wake of these arrests.

Thus in the village of Pshenichki a tall, gaunt, and hairy man, girded with an embroidered towel, made his appearance. He preached openly that the 'naked man' sought by the Government was no one else than God's own messenger, who came upon earth naked so as to announce salvation to humankind, and that people ought to bow before him and follow him.

In another place, the farthest and most out-of-the-way corner of the district, rumors began to circulate to the effect that the appearance of the naked man portended the approach of a terrible drought, when houses, forests, and pastures would take fire from the sun, rivers would dry up, people's eyes would burst from heat, and cattle would rot alive. Someone had seen the naked man in a ravine; his hair was like fire, he ran about throwing up his arms and moaning, 'Woe, woe to us, sinners!' Priests began to chant prayers and Te Deums in public places; the inhabitants went out into the forests and dug underground chambers to hide in when the disaster should come.

In another village, called Topantsy, the citizens, alarmed by what they thought was insolent defiance of the Revolutionary Government, held a political mass-meeting and passed the following resolution: —

> Resolved: that we boycott all persons who circulate reports about the naked man or even mention him; that we express our strong disapproval of all who believe in the existence of the naked man; that we consider him as nonexistent; that we express our profound gratitude to the local Executive Committee which firmly defends our revolutionary order, as a result of which the village of Topantsy has heretofore enjoyed complete peace.

After adopting this resolution, the citizens of Topantsy left the public square, singing the International.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE CRANE

BY PERCY RIPLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

ASLANT, it cleanly cuts the air,
And high above the city swings,
With splendid ease, its freight to where
Arise the lofty scaffoldings.

Afar its poise and beauty sing
The proud achievements of our clay,
Who out of earth's dark wildness wring
A purpose to enrich the day.

Oh, rain may come, and come the wind,
And deeply may the darkness fall;
But clean and splendid swings the mind,
And builds throughout a city wall.

CHILD'S SONG

BY THOMAS DAY

[*These amusing verses in the little manner took the prize in a competition for poetry to be read to children, conducted by London* Poetry.]

IN among the branches, in among the leaves,
Round about the cornfields turning into sheaves,
Hiding in the haystack, sliding on the thatch,
There 's a teeny-tiny nobody can catch.

Underneath the apple, underneath the peach,
When you think you 've got him he 's twinkled out of reach —
Down beside the fowl-run, out behind the well,
Where he goes and what he knows nobody can tell.

Bess the woolly sheep-dog barked and turned aside,
Clover cow and Dainty cow moo'd and scampered wide.
Through the wet forget-me-nots, through the cherry-pie,
Something ran and something sang and nobody knows why.

I saw little Martha crying in the sun,
Tippet-tied and clean beside, the morning just begun,
Shoes blacked, and dolly whacked, and nothing for to spite her,
She 'd tied the teeny-tiny tight — she could n't tie no tighter —

But . . .
In among the branches, in among the leaves,
Round about the cornfields, skipping through the sheaves,
Running up the haystack, sliding down the thatch,
There the teeny-tiny runs that Martha could n't catch.

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A NEW IDEA IN EVOLUTION

A NEW theory of evolution, originally propounded by Dr. J. C. Willis of Cambridge and later given a mathematical twist in a paper read by Mr. G. Udny Yule at the meeting of the Royal Society last February, has occasioned a very pretty debate among various lights of British biology. The lucubrations of the learned gentlemen who write F. R. S. after their names do not ordinarily disturb the equanimity of the average Britisher; but a body known as the British Science Guild has of late been actively engaged in making science intelligible to newspaper-readers, and a mighty rumpus in polysyllables has resulted from its latest effort, the popularization of the Willis-Yule theory. Unhappily the exceeding freedom of mutual criticism among scientists, which is all very well in the highly sanitary quarters that these gentry ordinarily frequent, has stirred such a quantity of dust in the less rarefied atmosphere of the newspapers that it is doubtful whether the man in the street has been quite so much edified as was originally intended — and this in spite of the long and honorable record of British laboratories for turning out men capable of producing 'popular science' that genuinely merits both noun and adjective.

The Willis-Yule theory, however, is a new idea in a much-worked field, which merits consideration for that fact alone, though it can hardly be said to clear up in quite so thoroughgoing a fashion as its exponents believe all the multitudinous difficulties that beset the theory of evolution; for somehow none of Darwin's modern followers are ever patient and modest enough to construct the elaborate edifice of combined proof and qualification that has enabled the Darwinian theory itself to weather De Vriesian, Mendelian, and neo-Lamarckian storms, and emerge compact, if not intact, after nearly seventy years.

In his book, *Age and Area*, Dr. Willis enunciated two new theories: first, that the geological age of a species is proportional to the amount of the globe's surface that it inhabits; and second, that the size of a genus — that is, the number of species belonging to it — is likewise proportional to geographical distribution. Dr. Willis based his theories on a study of the plants of Ceylon, which he found could be divided into three classes: (*a*) those that grow only in the island; (*b*) those that grow only in the island and southern India; and (*c*) those that have a wider distribution.

He found that the various species belonging to the first class have extremely localized ranges even in Ceylon itself, whereas those of the third class, which have the widest distribution over the world, have also the widest distribution within the island. The second class is intermediate.

These facts Dr. Willis interprets as meaning that the plants with a world range were, far back in geologic time, the first arrivals in Ceylon and have thus been able to secure the widest distribution. The species now found only in Southern India and Ceylon were evolved on the way to Ceylon, and hence, being the next to arrive, achieved the next widest distribution. The species of the first class, being native to Ceylon, were the last to evolve

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and owe to this fact their narrowly limited distribution even on the island where they originated.

In a joint paper published in the *Morning Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* Dr. Willis and Mr. Yule sum up this part of their theory as follows:—

'In other words, area occupied, so long as one deals with groups of allied forms and compares them only with similar groups allied to the first, goes on the average with age in the country concerned. This rule proves to be a general one and it may therefore be extended to the world, and one may express the theory in general terms by stating that area occupied, as marked by the most outlying stations, goes on an average — in groups of allies — with their actual age since their first evolution. The theory marks a great change of view from the older theories, according to which distribution was chiefly determined by suitability to conditions; but it involves also the further novel conception that existing species are commonly descended in evolution from other existing species.'

At this point in the reasoning, Mr. Yule, who is primarily a mathematician, applies his graphic and statistical methods. He finds that by plotting the curve showing the varying sizes of genera, and the curve showing the varying distribution of species, he attains a correspondence too close to be accidental. But since he believes that such arithmetical correspondence is impossible on the old theory of a gradual change in species by minute degrees over long periods, he abandons it in favor of the conclusion that species change by sudden 'leaps' — the exact idea of De Vries, though reached by an entirely different chain of reasoning. Further calculations lead Mr. Yule to the tentative conclusion that about every fifteen years a new species of flowering plant appears somewhere or other on the face of the globe, *per saltum* — which to the strict Darwinian is heresy. He seeks by these last figures to meet the objection that the sudden appearance of new species is almost never observed.

The theorists having stated their case, the row starts: a decorous, scientific one, no doubt, but still an undeniable row. The most crushing of the critics is Dr. E. W. MacBride, Professor of Zoölogy at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington, who finds fault with Dr. Willis and Mr. Yule for depending on botanical data, which cannot be effectively checked by the fossil record, since fossil plants are usually so badly preserved that reliable classification is rarely possible; at the same time pointing out that the fossil record of animal life, which is much more perfect, directly contradicts their theory and shows instance after instance of the production of species by slow development during long periods, after the orthodox Darwinian fashion. Embryological evidence, moreover, confirms the fossil record. Dr. MacBride ends by accusing Messrs. Willis and Yule of 'wild and baseless speculation,' coupled with 'unblushing assurance,' and directs a glance of reproach at the statistical Mr. Yule: —

'Finally I should like to make some comments on the intrusion of a statistician into the biological field. The vice of all these gentlemen is that they view biological facts from the outside, and they are apt to take names as connoting in all cases the same type of thing. Statistics are of value only when the statistician is dealing with comparable units, and this he is emphatically not doing when he treats of species and genera as denoting definite kinds of units. We have shown that there is no line to be drawn between 'species' and 'local race.' And genera are nothing more than convenient bundles of spe-

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cies, and the size of these bundles depends on the taste of the systematist and has nothing to do with either age or area.'

Forth to the combat also rides Mr. Julian Huxley, of New College, Oxford, a grandson of the great Huxley, — though he is doubtless tired of seeing that fact in print, — with a brilliant reputation of his own. 'A most unscientific method of reasoning' is his characterization of the new theory, which, he asserts, neglects genetic, geographical, and palæontological data so convincing 'that no amount of "arithmetical relations" here adduced would influence' them.

Whatever its scientific quality, the battle is at least uplifting to the heart of unregenerate, unscientific men in the street; and quite probably, when the tumult and the writing die and the doctors and the statisticians depart, we may discern a few modest and reliable facts emerging, not so important as the discoverers thought — it is the common fate of discoverers — but still facts, useful and valuable and ready to take their place in the great edifice which is Science.

✤

THE NIBELUNGEN LEGENDS ON THE SCREEN

A NEW version of the Nibelungen legends, adapted to the screen, is being shown in Germany. The scenario was written by Frau Thea von Harbou, and the director is her husband, Herr Fritz Lang. Frau von Harbou has summed up the legends of the ring in a way somewhat different from that which Wagner made familiar. There are now but two main episodes: one concerning the Siegfried stories, and the other the vengeance of Kriemhild. The Siegfried stories include the combat with the dragon, the bath in the magic blood, the winning of Brunhild, and Siegfried's marriage with Kriemhild, culminating in the death of Siegfried and Kriemhild's vow of vengeance. The second film is wholly devoted to her vengeance, and the expedition of Etzel, King of the Huns, and his wild horsemen from the depths of Asia gives opportunities for typical panoramic effects. The whole culminates in the death of Kriemhild in her flaming palace.

There has been a deliberate effort in the adaptation to depart so far as possible from the tradition established by Wagner, so as to avoid comparison and conflict. Frau von Harbou has endeavored to emphasize the human element of these heroic stories and to make a simultaneous appeal to the public and to the more highly critical, so that the Nibelungenlied has become a story of love and death, with definite psychological interest.

Many of the scenes are very fine pictorially. There are some extraordinary forest-scenes in the first part of the story. The combat with the dragon is straight from the realms of fantasy; there is an extraordinary picture of a troop of men at arms riding over the drawbridge of a castle; and the Asiatic horsemen achieve effects as ambitious as any that Mr. Griffith has conceived.

A correspondent of the Rome newspaper, *La Tribuna*, who has seen these pictures in preparation, thus describes the dragon 'prepared' by Herr Lang and his assistants: 'This dragon is one of the most lifelike features of the whole picture. He has something of the crocodile and something of the ichthyosaur about him, and is an enormous and awesome creature. He could not possibly look more alive than he does. He creeps, breathes, glares, drinks, and struggles. His hide is coarse and scaly. His muscles can be seen to contract and relax as he breathes and moves. Blood springs from his wounded, muscular breast, and fire and smoke rise

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from his nostrils. The legendary animal dies slowly and reluctantly under the strokes dealt by Siegfried. Nothing could be more real than this death.'

✽

THE REVIVING CLASSICS

PROFESSOR J. W. MACKAIL, formerly of Oxford, has just returned from Australia greatly encouraged over the prospects of the classics, whose death knell has frequently, though somewhat prematurely, been tolled by the more aggressive among their foes. In Australia, at least, the languages of Greece and Rome are thriving, for active branches of the classical associations exist in Adelaide and Melbourne, a less vigorous branch at Sydney, and a new one — which Professor Mackail helped to found — in Brisbane. The State Governments, while subsidizing their universities liberally, leave them free to map out their curriculums for themselves.

Surely if the classics can hold their own in a new continent where the practical side of life is inevitably uppermost, they can hold their own anywhere. Professor Mackail, in an interview in the London *Morning Post*, asserts that he discerns clear signs of revival nearer home than Australia and, though he does not say so, is evidently encouraged by the new French law making them compulsory subjects in the schools of the Republic.

✽

THE CENTENARY OF THE OXFORD UNION

THE Oxford Union Society, unquestionably the most famous undergraduate debating organization in the world, is celebrating its centenary. Just at present the Society is somewhat overshadowed by the reputation of members who reëntered the University immediately after the war with plenty to think about and a burningly indignant desire to let their thoughts be heard. Indeed the Union has been famous so long that it has built up a reputation sufficient to discourage almost any undergraduate. Gladstone, Manning, and Salisbury are not names that the forensically ambitious can take lightly.

Furthermore, the membership itself has undergone a change. There was a time when the English university was the training-ground of a class the only interruption of whose leisure was the work of government. To-day most English university men know that they must go out to earn their own living. No longer, then, are the members of the Union specifically preparing for offices that they know will be theirs; but even this is in a way an advantage, for it tends to broaden the sphere from which the members are drawn.

The *Sunday Times* sums up in a paragraph the value of the training that the Union gives: —

> The Oxford Union is far more than a debating society. Its traditional procedure gives to its discussions an impressiveness which is of the greatest value in training a man to speak. The largeness of the hall, often well filled; the arrangement of the benches; the dais, and the deference shown to the officers; the free interruption by those listening — all prevent a man from getting up to make 'a few remarks,' force him to cultivate style, to economize his powers, and to make the greatest number of telling phrases possible in a limited amount of time. The Union has, indeed, no longer the spontaneity of its early days; the number of speakers far exceeds the time at their disposal, and this necessitates a selection which has led inevitably to the formalization of the debates.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, by Arthur Weigall. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1924. 21*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

It is always a matter for satisfaction when a really able book gets hold of the public to which it is addressed, and everybody who likes history to be fittingly written will be glad that Mr. Weigall's study of Cleopatra, a book not merely of the greatest historical worth, but also of genuine human value, has attained to the honor of a second edition. But a grave doubt may be permitted as to whether it will, after all, do much toward dissipating the cloud of undeserved obloquy which dwells about the memory of the unfortunate lady whose life has furnished Mr. Weigall with his theme.

Legend dies hard, and its life is infinitely prolonged when it is adopted and promulgated by a dramatist of the power of Shakespeare, poets of the rank of Tennyson, and story-tellers of the charm of Théophile Gautier. Many learned and patient pens have proved that Lucrezia Borgia, — who competes with Cleopatra for the doleful distinction of being the most maligned woman known to history, — instead of being the monstrous incarnation of all the vices and crimes of the Italian Renaissance, was a quite blameless and, indeed, rather humdrum sort of matron, but Victor Hugo's drama and Donizetti's opera are still historical authorities to ninety-five per cent of the people who know her name. It is consoling to reflect that, after all, what the twentieth century thinks of her can matter little to a woman who died more than a generation before the birth of Christ.

Mr. Weigall's book is rich in every quality, valuable in the class of book to which it belongs, and it has that kindly, human warmth without which history is but a dull compilation of uninteresting detail. It is as absorbing as a good novel, and as full and accurate as knowledge and patience can make it.

Byron: The Last Journey, 1823–1824, by Harold Nicolson. London: Constable, 1924. 12*s*. 6*d*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

One of the first of many books which the celebration of the Byron Centenary in April is sure to bring us is an account by Mr. Harold Nicolson of the Greek adventure which was destined to be the poet's last; and it may safely be predicted that this work, written with a full appreciation of the situation in Greece, and after an intimate study of Byron's own circumstances at the time, and written, moreover, not for popular consumption but as a piece of literature, will prove to be one of the best of them. It is welcome — just as it is likely to be different from most others — in that Mr. Nicolson, notwithstanding his appreciation of the many fine qualities which Byron possessed, declines to discover 'romance' in everything that he said or did.

It was Leigh Hunt, the 'little London sparrow' of Mr. Nicolson's pages, and, with Mrs. Shelley, one of the 'two provoking encumbrances' which made him 'indignant' with Shelley 'for having died and left him so uncongenial a legacy,' who declared to Lord Houghton that Byron was 'never in earnest,' even at Missolonghi, but 'was all the time strutting about as on a stage'; and if Mr. Nicolson does not go so far as this, he declines to accept the legend that Byron went to Greece inspired solely by Philhellenic enthusiasms, or that his sojourn in Missolonghi was 'anything but a succession of humiliating failures.'

La prisonnière, by Marcel Proust. 2 vols. Book VI of *À la recherche du temps perdu*. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1924.

[Paul Souday in *Le Temps*]

Here are two new volumes by Marcel Proust. Do not confuse volumes with books. We are now in the sixth book and the eleventh volume. His work as a whole, entirely completed if not revised and corrected by the author to the very end, will include still other volumes. Traveling in quest of 'the remembrance of things past,' Marcel Proust went the longest route. Only to think that the dear fellow was for a long time regarded as a mere idler! Yet, dying at the age of fifty he leaves behind him works which are worth consideration in every respect, and some day a vast correspondence of his will also have to be published.

Once again I plunged with pleasure into the Proustian forest. These two volumes are like all the rest in that they have the same marvelous qualities and the same faults — though the latter are trifling by comparison. Still, we have no longer the right to reproach him, for he is no longer here to correct his proofs, purify his syntax, or prune his sentences, which are often long and full of brambles. But his vision, at once piercing and enchanted, is still here, that extraordinary combination of two master faculties which makes the most meticulous analysis of the most shifting colors. His endless novel is a land of psychological enchantment.

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If Proust has not changed his manner, neither has he modified his subject matter, and here are the same old characters, though they are given new vigor by an inexhaustible variety of observations and a flow of life that is always bubbling forth anew.

De la guerre à la paix, by L. L. Klotz. Paris: Payot, 1924.

[Maurice Muret in *Le Mercure de France*]

ACCORDING to M. Klotz the World War was the most memorable event since the birth of Christ. M. Klotz is quite right. His glance reaches far, and the public has given a hearty reception to a volume of memoirs in which the former Minister casts some rays of light upon affairs in which he took part. On such questions as the preparation or lack of preparation for war, the mobilization of civilians, the financial intrigues of which the Peace Conference was the scene, M. Klotz is extremely well documented. Perhaps he does not disclose all his documentation, but he reveals an important portion of it in the work which he has just published. A noted parliamentarian, M. Klotz usually shows great indulgence to his colleagues of all parties. Here and there, however, he launches out at one or another of them with very good effect. . . . M. Klotz's book aids us in understanding why the Boche, who, according to his own formula, ought to pay everything, has actually paid nothing at all. He does not prove that the Boche cannot pay; quite the reverse. He simply shows that the interests of France were not protected at the Peace Conference as they should have been.

Don Juan de Marana. A Play in Four Acts, by Arnold Bennett. London: Werner Laurie, 1924. 63*s.* net and 5*s.* net.

[*Bookman*]

I AM sorry Mr. Arnold Bennett has gone in for this Three Guinea business. He should be content with the homage of the crowd — like all the literary aristocrats. Besides, he will make his subscribers cross. A Don Juan play privately printed and issued at a high figure is bound to arouse agreeable expectations that a glance at the text will instantly chill; and then people will want their money back. Mr. Bennett's *Don Juan* may or may not be Nice; but it is certainly not Naughty. It is almost Exemplary, and may yet be adopted as a textbook for the next Conservative Summer Meeting. For observe, this Don is a Die-hard. He is a Last-Ditcher. He lives and dies for an ideal, the honor of the Spanish grandees and their right of majestic love-making. Having discovered that his half-brother and a priest are democrats and believers in Universal Brotherhood, he promptly stabs the priest, annexes the brother's lady-love, and has the brother himself stripped and whipped. That is the stuff to give these fellows!

'Ah,' says the Don, 'we live in a fantastic age, when peasants are allowed to ride on horses and grandees are forbidden to have a naked sword carried in front of them. Only last week it was stated that His Majesty had actually called in person upon a sick subject in order to inquire after his health! And the monstrous rumor has not yet been officially denied. . . . A fantastic age! The power of the grandee is broken; and the grandees are the heart of Spain. . . . I am the symbol of a doomed nation. And I will prosecute my ambitions magnificently amid disaster; and none shall understand me save one, and perhaps not even she shall understand me.'

That is, so to speak, the thesis of Mr. Bennett's dramatic discourse; but the sermon does not live up to its text. Don Juan the Idealist does not for a moment come alive; and if the play is to stand or fall by its embodiment of tragic chivalry, it falls heavily and finally. The really live Don in it is the traditional seducer, and the really live interest in it is the thrilling melodrama of the situations.

In fact, Mr. Bennett has made a great refusal. He has tried not to write the play he could write in order to write one that he can't.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

BERGMAN, HJALMAR. *God's Orchid.* Translated from the Swedish by E. Classen. New York: Knopf, 1924. $2.50 net.

BOURGET, PAUL. *The Glamour of Italy.* Translated from the French by Lauretta Maitland. London: Elkin Matthews, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

LANDORMY, PAUL. *A History of Music.* Translated from the French by F. H. Martens. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1924.

MOLIÈRE. *Plays.* With an introduction by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright, 1924. 95c Modern Library edition.

STRACHEY, LYTTON. *La reine Victoria.* Translated from the English by F. Roger-Cornaz. Paris: Payot, 1924.

BOOKS MENTIONED

SCHWARTZE, CARL. *Wahre und abenteuerliche Lebensgeschichte eines Berliners, der in den Kriegsjahren 1807 bis 1815 in Spanien, Frankreich, und Italien sich befand.* Munich: Drei Masken Verlag, 1924.

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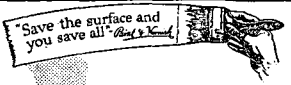

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